



A welcome drink at the Festive Season

"Presta"



SPARKLING GRAPE FRUIT

The Apollinaris Co., Ltd., London, W.1

  
By Appointment.

PARIPAN  
ENAMEL

"The more you wash it the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.

PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

MYERS'

FINE OLD  
JAMAICA RUM

Pre-war Strength and Quality. Aged for years in puncheons and bottled in Jamaica—famous for the finest Rums since someone said—"Yo-Ho-Ho . . ."

Obtainable from—  
J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.  
Corner House, Coventry St. W.1  
Strand Corner House, W.C.2  
Oxford St. Corner House, W.1  
Maison Lyons Corner House, Marble Arch, W.1  
Findlater, Mackie, Todd & Co., (all branches) Ltd.  
West Indian Produce Assoc., Ltd.  
14 Creechchurch Lane, E.C.3  
Hedges & Butler, Ltd., 153 Regent St., W.1  
Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford St., W.1  
Wm. Whiteley, Ltd., Queen's Rd., W.2  
John Barnes & Co., Ltd., 191, Finchley Rd., N.W.3  
D. R. Evans & Co., Ltd., 25 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1

Agents for U.K.: Gillespie Bros. & Co., Ltd., 82 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

MENTON

The Mildest Climate on the French Riviera.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

THE LEADING HOTEL ON THE RIVIERA.

Affiliated to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Group, London.

RENOWNED RESTAURANT. Extensive Grounds. Tennis.  
PUTTING GREEN.

THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE

Drambuie

PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR.

9/- per ½ Bottle  
17/6 per bottle  
An Ideal Xmas Gift  
Of all first-class  
Wine Merchants

CANADIAN CLUB

SMOKING MIXTURE  
AND CIGARETTES

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTA LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from ONE GUINEA

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.1.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE DEAF

A NEW DISCOVERY BRINGS AMAZING RESULTS!

The world was never so "sound-minded" as to-day—with Radio, Telephones, Talkies, Gramophones—and Christmas serves only to emphasize the isolation of the deaf. Thousands have overcome their handicap with the new PHANTOM "ARDENTE."

Middle Ear (Catarrh), Nerve (Head Noises), Slightly (hard-of-hearing), or Very (so-called "Stone") deaf in young or old, and even cases hitherto regarded as hopeless now benefiting. No matter what you have tried—with whatever result—you will greet this marvellous super-sound, tone-sense-renewing method as the find of your life and its joy for indoor and outdoor.

WHAT BETTER XMAS GIFT THAN HEARING?

CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE TEST

  
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

(Suite 19)  
309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1  
(Opp. D. H. Evans' Clock)  
Phones: Mayfair 1380/1718  
Service bureau throughout the country.

The Most Interesting

JIG-SAW PUZZLES

are the DELTA Fine Cut Series.

REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOUR-PHOTOGRAVURE FROM PICTURES BY WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS.

250-Piece Puzzle - - 8/6 Post Free.

48-PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 2d. POST FREE, CONTAINING PARTICULARS OF PUZZLES, INCLUDING—  
30-Piece 1/3 50-Piece 2/- 75-Piece 3/- 100-Piece 4/- 250-Piece 8/6 500-Piece 18/- 600-Piece 21/- 1000-Piece 33/-

To be obtained from all Booksellers, Stationers and Stores, or direct from the Publishers:

A. V. N. JONES & CO., LTD., 64, Fore Street, London, E.C.2.





## 1,000 miles up the Amazon

THE "HILARY" will sail from LIVERPOOL FEB. 6th, APRIL 7th and each Alternate Month, 1934.

Via OPORTO, LISBON and MADEIRA.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE-BEDDED CABINS.

NO INSIDE ROOMS.

**7 WEEKS—£75 to £100**

Including the Cost of all the organised Shore Excursions.

For full particulars and illustrated booklet, apply Dept. No. 16.

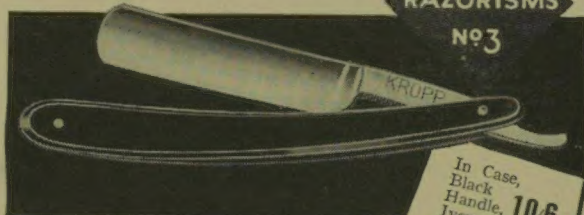
## BOOTH LINE

11, ADELPHI TERRACE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

or CUNARD BUILDING, LIVERPOOL, 3.

## Buy a KROPP

and save  
on your  
SHAVES



KROPP  
RAZORISMS  
No 3

Thousands of particular men are doing so—not merely because it is an economy but because they can get a surpassingly smooth shave every day. No renewal blades to trouble about—just a regular strop of the Kropp and an occasional "setting" is all that it needs. No grinding necessary.

Buy a Kropp and save on your shaves. Good for your face as well as your pocket.

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.1

In Case,  
Black  
Handle, 10/6  
Ivory  
handle 18/-  
From Hairdressers,  
Cutlers, Stores, &c.  
Free Copy of illus-  
trated "Shaver's  
Kit" Booklet No. 162,  
sent on request.  
Try the New Kropp  
Bakelite Shaving  
Stick. Price 1/3.  
Also Kropp Shaving  
Cream, 1/3 per large  
tube.

**ALL BRITISH**

# CARR'S

## TABLE WATER BISCUIT



THE  
PERFECT BISCUIT  
TO EAT  
WITH CHEESE



©524

MADE ONLY BY CARR'S OF CARLISLE

If it's **GOOD**  
**SPORT** you'll  
see it in **The**

**SPORTING**  
**AND DRAMATIC NEWS**

Every Friday—from all Booksellers & Newsagents

**ONE SHILLING**

When in Canada  
Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette

## British Consols

MILD, SWEET, OLD VIRGINIA

Made **FRESH**—Kept **FRESH**

SEALED IN MOISTUREPROOF CELLOPHANE

MACDONALD'S CIGARETTES & TOBACCO, MONTREAL, CANADA





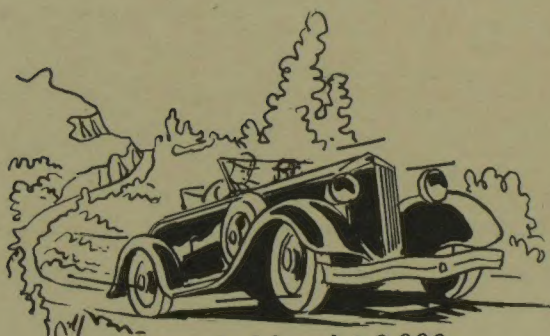
# HABITS CHANGE *but leave their traces*

Life in Spain has undergone vast changes in the last few years... but none of its charm, which you cherished, has been lost. The magnificent cities and landscapes remain... but are animated by a new hospitable cheerful spirit. Travelling in Spain is quite as delightful as it used to be, but ever so much more convenient !

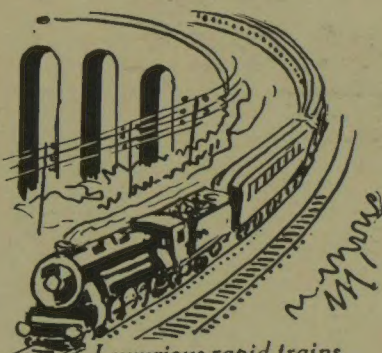
For information, inquire at all good tourist agencies or write to:

**PATRONATO NACIONAL DEL TURISMO**

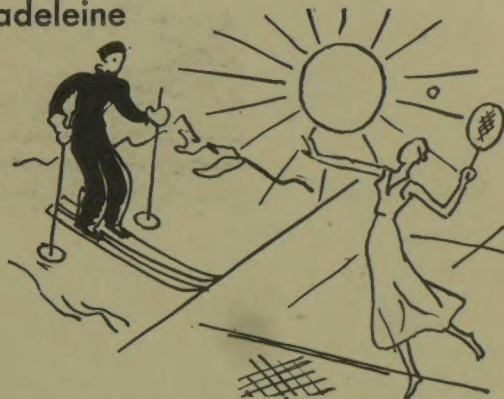
MADRID : Medinaceli 2 - PARIS : 12 Bd. de la Madeleine



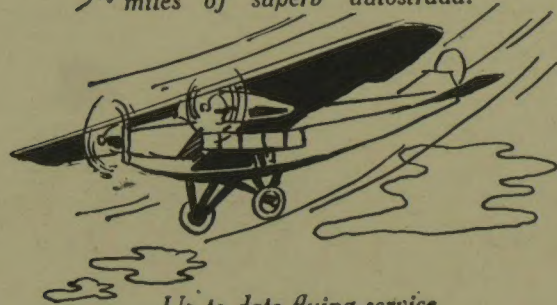
Such wonderful roads ! 8.000 miles of superb autostrada.



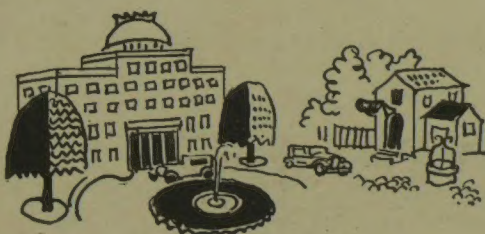
Luxurious rapid trains reach every region.



Play tennis or ski... in sunlight ! All sports.



Up-to-date flying service to every part of Spain.



Modern hotels to suit every purse.



And a holiday in Spain costs so little !



# SPAIN PROGRESSES- *but keeps its charm !*



## Acceleration of Overland Route to the Near East from **LONDON** to

● Via the Route  
SIMPLON-ORIENT &  
TAURUS EXPRESSES

|           |            |
|-----------|------------|
| SYRIA     | in 4½ days |
| PERSIA    | in 8 days  |
| INDIA     | in 15 days |
| IRAQ      | in 7 days  |
| EGYPT     | in 6½ days |
| PALESTINE | in 5½ days |



### REDUCTIONS IN FARES.

Fares, including Sleepers, have now been reduced as follows:—

SINGLE TICKETS .. 10%  
RETURN TICKETS .. 32.5%

|                      | SINGLE.    |            | RETURN.    |            |
|----------------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| LONDON to:—          | 1st class. | 2nd class. | 1st class. | 2nd class. |
| ALEPPO .. ..         | £43 17s.   | £32 0s.    | £69 15s.   | £50 15s.   |
| BAGHDAD .. ..        | £55 9s.    | £41 6s.    | £87 3s.    | £64 14s.   |
| BASRA (for India) .. | £59 19s.   | £44 4s.    | £93 18s.   | £69 1s.    |
| BEYROUT .. ..        | £46 12s.   | £34 8s.    | £74 8s.    | £54 16s.   |
| CAIRO .. ..          | £52 15s.   | £38 16s.   | £86 13s.   | £63 11s.   |
| JERUSALEM .. ..      | £49 0s.    | £36 7s.    | £79 3s.    | £58 14s.   |
| TEHERAN .. ..        | £66 12s.   | £52 19s.   | £106 13s.  | £84 19s.   |

For all information apply to any

## COOK / WAGONS-LITS

Office, or Principal Tourist Agents.

## The World's most wonderful display of **NEW YEAR GIFTS**

is now to be seen at Liberty's. Here are gifts that are difficult to find—unusual gifts for those who have everything—practical gifts for those we would honour—elegant gifts for those whom we love. In this fair of International Art there are many, many treasure-pieces at surprisingly reasonable prices.



# LIBERTY

REGENT ST.



AGED • • OF RARE  
MELLOWNESS • • •  
SUBTLE BOUQUET •  
DISTINCTIVE • • BY  
HOST • BY GUESTS •  
BY ALL PREFERRED

# GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

*Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd. Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland.*

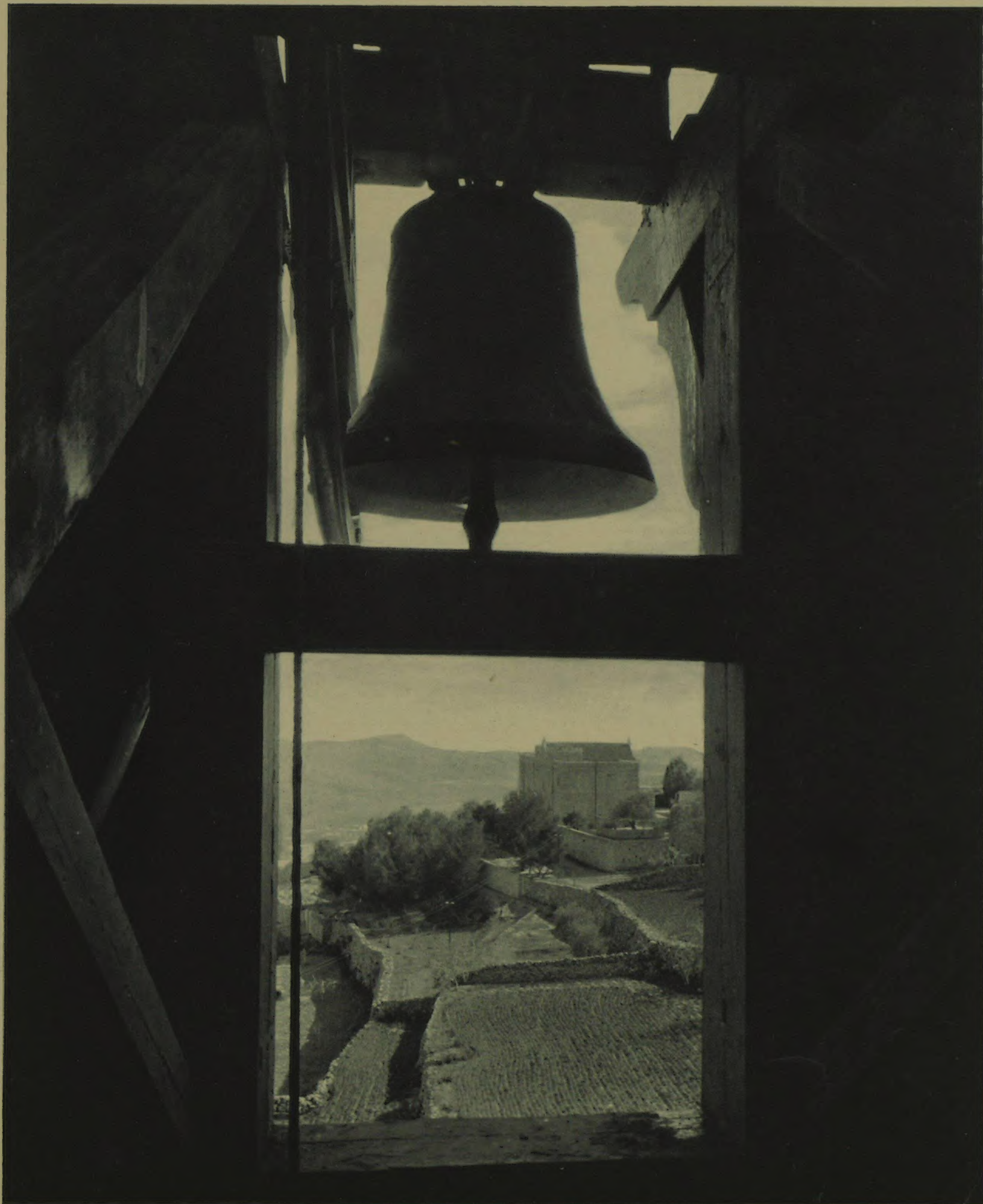
London Agents for Grant's Liqueur Scotch:—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants by Appointment to H.M. the KING, 153, Regent Street, W. 1.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

*The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.*

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1933.



## THE BETHLEHEM BELLS THAT WILL RING IN YOUR HOME ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

ONE OF THE PEAL IN THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, WHOSE SOUND IS TO BE BROADCAST ACROSS THE WORLD.

On Christmas Eve, at 8 p.m. (Greenwich time), London and the rest of the Empire, besides the United States, will hear the bells in the Latin Belfry of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. Microphones at Bethlehem will carry the sound to Jerusalem, whence it will be relayed to Cairo by overhead wires. Land-lines will connect with a transmitter at Abu Zabal, and the sound will be flashed by radio to the P.O. station at Baldock, Herts. Underground

cables will carry it to Faraday House, the G.P.O. radio headquarters, whence it will go by telephone wires to Broadcasting House. There the Bethlehem peal will blend with a programme from Winchester Cathedral. The B.B.C. broadcast of "The Bells of Bethlehem" will be transmitted by the Post Office beam system to America, where the N.B.C. will relay it throughout the States. It will also be broadcast throughout the Empire from Daventry.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME time in Christmas week, so far as I can calculate, these lines will probably appear in print; thereby violating all the fundamental principles of modern civilisation, defying the normal and necessary laws of Christmas Trade, Christmas Sales, Christmas Numbers, Christmas Shopping, and even a great deal of Christmas greeting; in a word, committing the crime of talking about Christmas quite near to Christmas Day. For the curious custom of our time has turned Christmas into a vast anticipation; by turning it into a vast advertisement. Most journalists have to write their Christmas articles somewhere about the last days of their summer holiday; and prepare to launch them, at the earliest, about the middle of the autumn. They have to stuff their imaginations with holly and mistletoe while gazing at the last rose of summer; or call up a vision of falling snowflakes in a forest of falling leaves. It is a rather peculiar feature of modern times, and is connected with other things that are typically modern. It is perhaps mixed up with that spirit of Prophecy which has made the modern Utopias, and has even led some men to call themselves Futurists, on the quaint supposition that it is possible to be really fond of the future. It is connected with that optimism once romantically expressed in the phrase "a good time coming"; which its simpler supporters might perhaps convey in the formula of "now we shan't be long"; which its more sardonic critics might perhaps express in the formula: "jam tomorrow, but never jam to-day." At least, in the matter of the serious prediction of social perfection, it is hardly unfair to say that many would still agree that there is a good time coming, but would find it difficult to agree that now, at this particular moment, we shan't be long. They would still say that Utopia is coming, as some men say that Christmas is coming; especially when they say it (with a shade of bitterness) about the month of March or April. But, under all the official publicity, it is comparatively rare to say that Christmas is coming at the very moment when it really is coming. It is perhaps even rarer to say, with a solid and complete satisfaction, that Christmas has come.

For the Futurist fashion of our time has led nearly everybody to look for happiness to-morrow rather than to-day. Thus, while there is an incessant and perhaps even increasing fuss about the approach of the festivities of Christmas, there is rather less fuss than there ought to be about really making Christmas festive. Modern men have a vague feeling that when they have come to the feast, they have come to the finish. By modern commercial customs, the preparations for it have been so very long and the practice of it seems so very short. This is, of course, in sharp contrast to the older traditional customs, in the days when it was a sacred festival for a simpler people. Then the preparation took the form of the more austere season of Advent and the fast of Christmas Eve. But when men passed on to the feast of Christmas it went on for a long time after the feast of Christmas Day. It always went on for a continuous holiday of rejoicing for at least twelve days, and only ended in that wild culmination which Shakespeare described as "Twelfth Night: or What You Will." That is to say, it was a sort of Saturnalia which ended in anybody doing whatever he would; and in William Shakespeare writing some very beautiful and rather irrelevant poetry round a perfectly impossible story

about a brother and sister who looked exactly alike. In our more enlightened times, the perfectly impossible stories are printed in magazines a month or two before Christmas has begun at all; and in the hustle and hurry of this early publication, the beautiful poetry is, somehow or other, left out.

It were vain to conceal my own reactionary prejudice; which deludes me into thinking there is something to be said for the older manner. I am

with designs and plans and pictorial announcements of certain objects, rather than with the real objects when they are really objective. The world we know is far too full of rumours and reports and reflected reputations, instead of the direct appreciation by appetite and actual experience. The difficulty always presented to those who would restore men to a simpler life on the land, for instance, is always some form of the objection (true or false) that modern men would be dull if they dealt with real land on a farm, instead of unreal landscape in a film. As a fact, the farm landscape has a hundred interesting things in it which the film landscape has not. But the critics cannot bring themselves to believe that a man will ever again have a taste for going back to the originals, as more interesting than the copies. For all the apparent materialism and mass mechanism of our present culture, we, far more than any of our fathers, live in a world of shadows. It is none the less so because the prophets and progressives tell us eagerly that these are coming events which cast their shadow before. It is assumed that nothing is really thrilling except a dance of shadows; and we miss the very meaning of substance.

There is another way in which the Christmas pudding, though substantial enough, is itself an allegory and a sign. The little boy expects to find sixpences in the pudding; and this is right enough, so long as the sixpences are secondary to the pudding. Now the change from the mediæval to the modern world might be very truly described under that image. It is all the difference between putting sixpences in a Christmas pudding and erecting a Christmas pudding round sixpences. There was money in the old days of Christmas and Christendom; there was merchandise; there were merchants. But the moral scheme of all the old order, whatever its other vices and diseases, always assumed that money was secondary to substance; that the merchant was secondary to the maker. Windfalls of money came to this man and that, as shillings and sixpences are extracted excitedly from Christmas puddings. But the idea of normal owning or enjoying preponderated over the idea of accidental or adventurous gain. With the rise of the merchant adventurers the whole world gradually changed, until the preponderance was all the other way. The world was dominated by what the late Lord Birkenhead described as "the glittering prizes," without which, as he appeared to believe, men could not be really moved to any healthy or humane activity. And it is true that men came to think too much about prizes, and too little about

pudding. This, in connection with ordinary pudding, is a fallacy; in connection with Christmas pudding it is a blasphemy. For there is truly something of perversity, not unmixed with profanity, about the notion of trade completely transforming a tradition of such sacred origin. Millions of perfectly healthy and worthy men and women still keep Christmas; and do in all sincerity keep it holy as well as happy. But there are some, profiting by such natural schemes of play and pleasure-seeking, who have used it for things far baser than either pleasure-seeking or play. They have betrayed Christmas. For them the substance of Christmas, like the substance of Christmas pudding, has become stale stuff in which their own treasure is buried; and they have only multiplied the sixpences into thirty pieces of silver.



CYPRUS YIELDS A NEW GEM OF GREEK ART, BESIDES THE NEOLITHIC REMAINS ILLUSTRATED ELSEWHERE IN THIS NUMBER: A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF APOLLO, ASSIGNED TO THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C., FOUND NEAR POTAMIA.

The discoverer of the Neolithic settlement described and illustrated on pages 1034, 1035, and 1036, M. P. Dikaio, Curator of the Cyprus Museum, sends us also the above photograph, concerning which he writes: "This remarkable limestone head of Apollo has been found recently during excavations carried out by the Museum on a ruined temple site near the village of Potamia, not far from Idalion, south of Nicosia. It belongs to the fourth century B.C. and bears the impress of Hellenic art. The god is represented as a youth crowned with laurel and a diadem over a row of conventional curls, on which remain traces of red paint. The eyes have a distant, dreamy look, and the lips express supreme harmony. The head is one of the finest ever discovered in Cyprus."

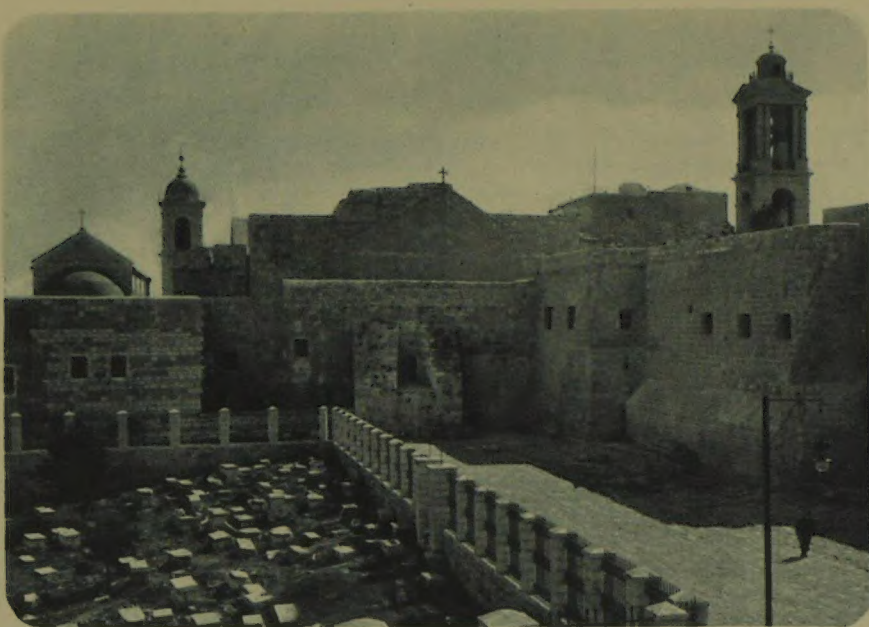
so daring as darkly to suspect that it would be better if people could enjoy Christmas when it came, instead of being bored with the news that it was coming. I even think it might be better to be the naughty little boy who falls sick through eating too much Christmas pudding, than to be the more negative and nihilistic little boy who is sick of seeing pictures of Christmas pudding in popular periodicals or coloured hoardings, for months before he gets any pudding at all.

At any rate, the proof of the Christmas pudding is in the eating. And it stands as a symbol of a whole series of things, which too many people nowadays have forgotten how to enjoy in themselves, and for themselves, and at the time when they are actually consumed. Far too much space is taken up with the names of things rather than the things themselves;



## THE SCENE OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS: BETHLEHEM, WHOSE BELLS WE SHALL HEAR ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

(SEE ALSO THE ILLUSTRATION ON OUR FRONT PAGE.)



THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM: A VIEW SHOWING (LEFT) THE LATIN BELFRY CONTAINING THE BELLS TO BE BROADCAST, AND (RIGHT) THAT OF THE GREEK SECTION OF THE BUILDING.



THE PLACE TOWARDS WHICH THE THOUGHTS OF ALL CHRISTENDOM ARE TURNED AT THIS SEASON: BETHLEHEM, THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHRIST—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MODERN CITY.

the traditional place of the Nativity. Three different sects worship in this building, which is portioned out among them—Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. As a result, Christmas celebrations take a long time at Bethlehem. First come the Latin ceremonies on our own Christmas Day, December 25. Thirteen days later are held the Greek Christmas rites, fixed by the old calendar; and thirteen days later again is observed the Armenian Christmas. It is the peal of bells in the belfry of the Latin Church of St. Catherine which will be broadcast on Christmas Eve. This should not be confounded with the Greek belfry." The same writer mentions

[Continued in centre.]

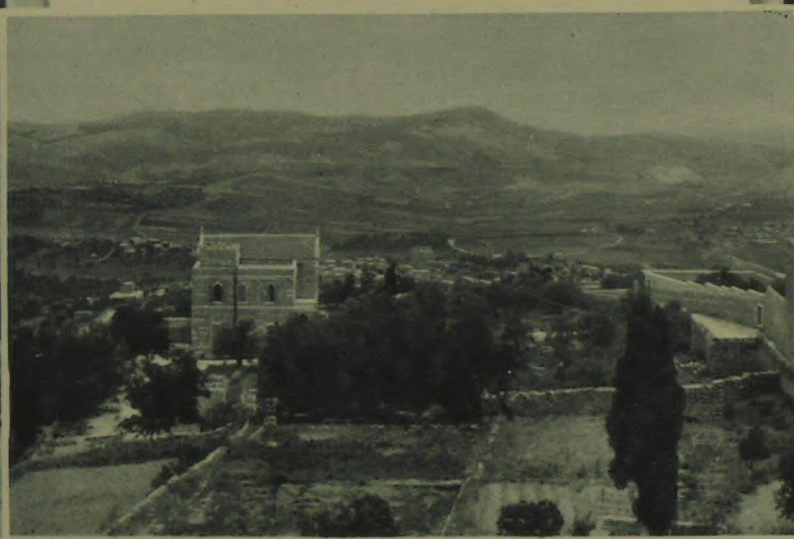


THE SACRED SOURCE OF THE SOUND TO BE HEARD IN OUR HOMES ON CHRISTMAS EVE: THE BELFRY (ON RIGHT) OF THE LATIN CHURCH OF ST. CATHERINE, FORMING PART OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM; (ON LEFT) THE APSE OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH, AN OLDER SECTION DATING BACK TO THE TIME OF CONSTANTINE.

*Continued.]* that the fields of the Shepherds (shown in the lower centre photograph) "were also the fields of Boaz, where, a thousand years before the first Christmas, Ruth the Moabitess gleaned." The hills of Moab are faintly seen beyond in the far distance.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY: SHOWING (LEFT FOREGROUND) AN ARCHED ENTRANCE TO STAIRS LEADING TO THE GROTTO.



THE FIELDS OF THE SHEPHERDS, NEAR BETHLEHEM, FORMERLY THE FIELDS OF BOAZ: A VIEW FROM THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, SHOWING (IN THE DISTANCE) THE HILLS OF MOAB.



IN THE CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY: THE BIRTHPLACE (CENTRE BACKGROUND) MARKED BY A SILVER STAR IN A RECESS FLOOR UNDER THE ALTAR.

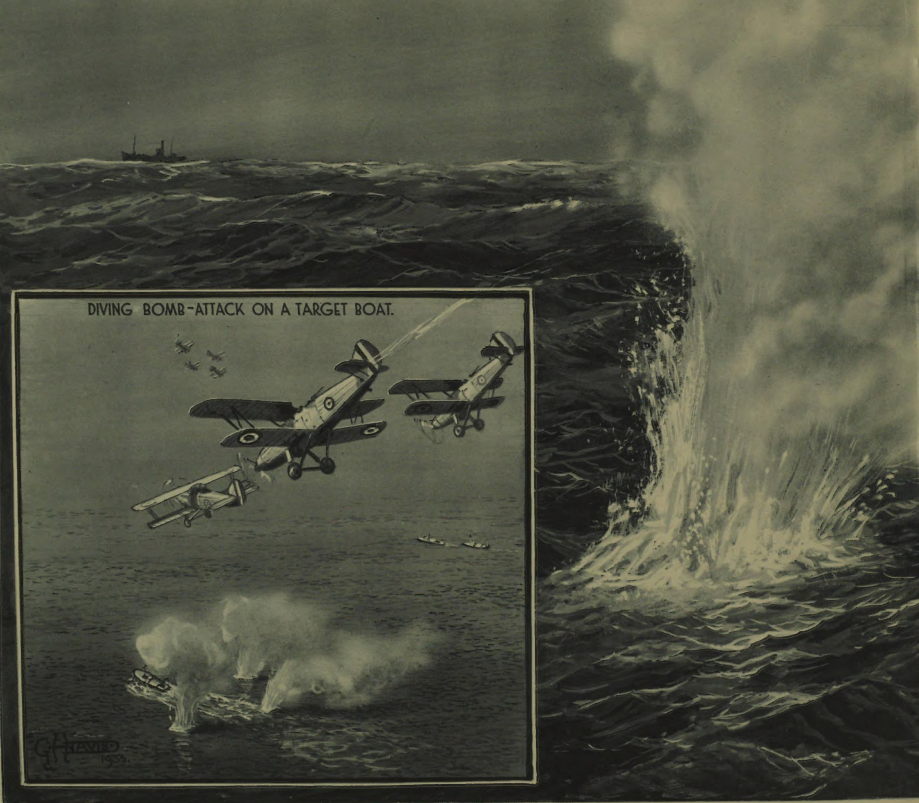
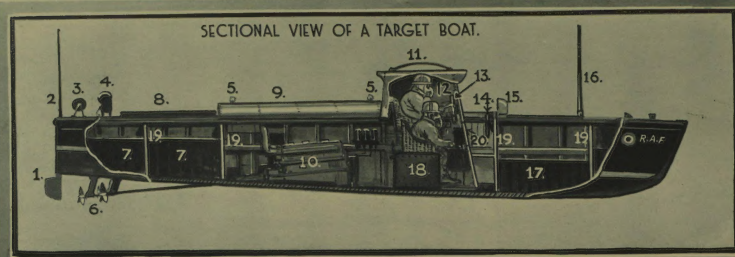


# LIVE TARGETS FOR THE R.A.F. MANNED SPEED-BOATS

DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIN; BASED ON

# WITH ARMOUR PROTECTION BOMBED FROM THE AIR.

INFORMATION SUPPLIED OFFICIALLY AND BY MR. HUBERT SCOTT-PAINE.

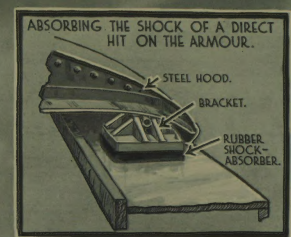


1. Rudders. 2. After wireless masts. 3. Reel and cable for use on the rare occasions on which the boat is used for towing a target. 4. Smoke-screen apparatus. 5. Armour-lifting eyes. 6. Three propellers, all one motor directly driving each propeller. 11. Steel cover over control compartment; 1-inch thick. 12. Helmsman (centre); engineer (port side); and wireless operator (starboard side). 13. Inside steering-wheel. 14. Outside steering-wheel for use when boat is not employed as a target. 15. Steel hood over compass. 16. Forward wireless mast. 17. Expanded-rubber buoyancy material; forward. 18. Fuel-tank. 19. Water-tight transverse bulkheads. 20. Steel bulkhead. 21. Side armour.

## UNSINKABLE SPEED-BOATS WITH A CREW OF THREE MEN AS TARGETS FOR AIRCRAFT

The Air Ministry, in 1932, required a moving target to improve bombing practice, and the Marine Section put proposals to Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, the famous designer of speed-boats, for a modification of an existing service "Power" type to provide an armoured craft with a speed of from 12 to 30 m.p.h. Two boats were produced within six weeks. They are a development of the 200 Class "British Power" speed-boats in use in the R.A.F. at home and abroad. The boats are 37 ft. 6 inches long and driven by three petrol engines each of 100 h.p., all of

the same design, so that all three propellers turn the same way. The forward and after ends are not protected, so that in a direct hit the bomb goes right through the boat, which is prevented from sinking by expanded-rubber and water-tight bulkheads. The midships section, containing the control and engine compartments, has steel armour-plating, with a maximum thickness of half an inch, on top and sides. This armour is mounted on brackets with rubber footings which act as shock-absorbers and considerably increase the efficiency in resisting a direct hit.



revolving in the same direction. 7. Hard expanded-rubber buoyancy material; aft. 8. After hatches. 9. 4-inch-thick steel cover over engine compartment. 10. Three 100-h.p. petrol motors, placed abreast. 14. Outside steering-wheel for use when boat is not employed as a target. 15. Steel hood over compass. 16. Forward wireless mast. 17. Expanded-rubber buoyancy material; forward. 18. Fuel-tank. 19. Water-tight transverse bulkheads. 20. Steel bulkhead. 21. Side armour.

## BOMBING PRACTICE: DETAIL OF THE BOATS—AND 11½ LB. PRACTICE BOMBS BURSTING.

The volunteer crew consists of a corporal and two airmen. When on duty the men wear crash helmets and, if necessary, gas-masks. The helmsman sits in the centre looking through a small bullet-proof glass window. The engineer sits on his left; while the wireless operator on his right is constantly in communication with the O.C. of the bombing aircraft, who orders the target-boat's course. At the stern is carried smoke-screen apparatus, which is ignited by the helmsman when the boat receives one of the frequent direct hits. The target-boat is very economical

to run, costing less than £1 per hour, which includes fuel, oil, and crew's wages. The boats are at sea 12 hours, each doing target work for two hours. Bombs are dropped from heights varying from 15,000 ft. to 1000 ft. The 11½-lb. practice bomb filled with stannic chloride is generally used. It throws up a great plume of white smoke, and, when the target is straddled by a series of bursts, the boat temporarily disappears in smoke and spray. Aircraftman Shaw (Lawrence of Arabia) has been associated, in the course of his official duty, with the development of target-boats.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: PICTORIAL AND EVENTS AT HOME



THE REVOLUTIONARY OUTBREAKS IN SPAIN: THE CONVENT OF ST. THOMAS, GRANADA, FIRED IN AN ATTEMPT TO SET THE TOWN ALAZE. Attempts at anarcho-syndicalist rebellion were made in many towns and villages in Spain on December 9 and 10. The authorities, who were forewarned, took prompt action and proclaimed "a state of alarm," and the situation was soon well in hand. Perhaps the worst outrage occurred when the daily Barcelona-Seville train was wrecked, some distance from Valencia, by a contact bomb placed on



THE EXPRESS WRECKED BY ANARCHISTS NEAR VALENCIA: THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER, WHEN FOUR COACHES WERE THROWN DOWN INTO A GULLY.

a bridge. The bomb blew the tender of the train to pieces, and hurled four coaches into the gully below. Five people were killed and thirty-eight injured—mostly third-class passengers. There were acts of arson and violence in the provinces of Valencia and Granada, and a general strike began at Corunna. A determined attempt was made at Saragossa to assault the police headquarters, but it was repelled. A partly successful attempt was made to set Granada alight. Bands of youths fired conveys, and attempts were made to set the theatre and the Law Courts on fire.



NEW YORK'S DEMAND FOR LIQUOR THE DAY AFTER THE REPEAL OF PROHIBITION: BRIEF BUSINESS IN A WINE AND SPIRIT STORE.

The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was completed, by the deciding vote of Utah, on December 8, and Prohibition was thus ended in the United States. Its passing was celebrated in New York that night. It was reported, with restraint and decorum. The State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board of New York arranged to grant some 3500 licences, while hotels and restaurants made elaborate preparations for special dinners.



GENERAL O'DUFFY, WHO WAS ARRESTED ON DEC. 17: THE "BLUE SHIRT" LEADER (CENTRE) WITH COMMANDANT CROININ, MR. BLYTHE, COL. RYAN, AND DR. O'HIGGINS. General O'Duffy was taken into custody on December 17, when he appeared wearing a blue shirt at a meeting at Westport, Mayo. Hundreds of police were on duty, while soldiers patrolled the streets. The police stopped General O'Duffy outside the town and warned him; but, in the confusion caused by a number of his followers on horseback, he got away and entered the town by another route. He was arrested on the platform, after a scuffle.

BALKAN ROYALTIES FRATERNISE: (L. TO R.) KING ALEXANDER (YUGOSLAVIA), QUEEN IOANNA (BULGARIA), QUEEN MARIE (YUGOSLAVIA), AND KING BORIS (BULGARIA).

The King and Queen of Bulgaria arrived in Belgrade on December 10 and were warmly welcomed by King Alexander and Queen Marie of Yugoslavia. Next day they attended a banquet at Syrmia, where our photograph was taken. King Boris and Queen Ioanna left on the 13th. King Alexander and Queen Marie will shortly pay a return visit to Sofia, and the King of Romania will be there. Meanwhile the Bulgarian King and Queen will visit Bucharest.

## RECORDS OF NOTABLE OCCASIONS AND ABROAD.



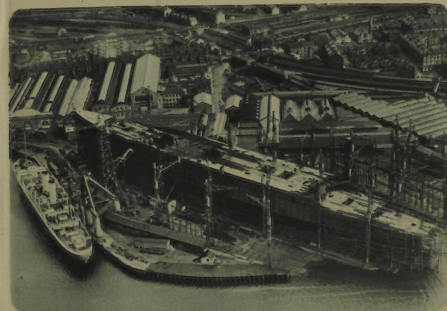
THE ESCAPE OF PRISONERS AT BARCELONA, BY WAY OF THE TOWN SEWERS: ONE OF THE FIFTY-NINE MEN RECAPTURED AT A MANHOLE.

Fifty-nine prisoners escaped from the Central Prison, Barcelona, on December 13, by means of a short tunnel and the city sewers. Twenty-nine were recaptured on the same day. It was established that, as the prisoners entered the sewers, they were met by a guide who greeted them with the password "salud" (or "health"). They made their escape in the morning while exercising on the "patio"; entering the tunnel one by one without being noticed.



MITCHEM GOLF CLUB HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE: THE SMOULDERING RUINS, FROM WHICH THE STEWARD AND HIS WIFE ESCAPED WITHOUT PERSONAL INJURY.

The Mitchem Golf Club house was completely gutted by fire early on December 16. The building was originally in the inventions Exhibition at Kensington. The Steward, Mr. T. Penfold, was living in the club house with his wife; they both escaped without injury, but lost all their belongings. The fire brigade was hampered in its work by the freezing of the water in the hose. Many members' score-cards and golfing outfits were destroyed.



GOVERNMENT AID FOR THE NEW GIANT CUNARDER: "NO. 534" LYING, HALF-COMPLETED, ON THE STOCKS AT CLYDEBANK.

Great interest was aroused by the announcement made by Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons, on December 13, that the Government intended to provide financial facilities for the completion of the new Concord liner lying on the stocks at Clydebank. The announcement was cheered by M.P.s. Mr. Chamberlain explained that the decision had been made possible by the fact of a forthcoming merger of the North Sea Fleet of the Cunard and the White Star Lines.



THE FIRE AT WELLBURY ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL, HITCHIN? BOYS WATCHING THE REMAINS OF THE SCHOOL THEATRE SMOULDER.

A block of buildings at the Wellbury Park Roman Catholic Preparatory School for Boys, near Hitchin, was destroyed by fire on December 16. This included the theatre, the chapel, the engine-room, and a number of farm buildings. The fire spread rapidly. The oil tank, which held a supply of about 500 gallons used for the electric generating machinery, exploded, and burning oil poured over the sides.



SNOW AND FLOOD IN VENICE: ST. MARK'S SQUARE UNDER SNOW; AND ALSO FLOODED BY A PHENOMENALLY HIGH TIDE.


Bad weather prevailing over most of Europe resulted in heavy snow at Venice; while, on December 14, the tide rose 4 ft. above the normal height to a mark reached only in 1877 and 1916. A large part of the city was flooded, including the whole of St. Mark's Square, which had to be crossed by boat. In the Grand Canal, the steamer service had to be restricted because, it was found, the vessels could not pass beneath the railway bridge.




THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE FIRST GUILDHALL RECEPTION TO BE FILMED: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES FOLLOWING THE LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

The Duke and Duchess of York were present at a reception given at the Guildhall on December 13, by the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Earl of Derby (President of the Association), Col. and Mrs. Colville, and the Lord Mayor. The guests included the Prime Minister and Miss MacDonald. According to our correspondent, this was the first occasion on which a film had been made in the Guildhall.





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## OLIVES AS CHRISTMAS FARE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

CHRISTMAS shopping and Christmas feasting have held a dominant place in our minds for weeks past, and now our anticipations are about to be fulfilled. Let us hope that realisation will prove even more delicious than we could have believed possible! But we cannot think of Christmas without thinking also of feasting. And some of us can look back on Christmas feasts for half a century or more. Though Christmas turkeys and plum pudding invariably thrust themselves to the front, inevitably we come to other items which make a hardly less insidious appeal to the palate of the *gourmet*—such as nuts and wine, for example. On all these I have had something to say during the last decade or so, yet *still* new themes present themselves.

A friend of mine, given to harking back to past joys, became suddenly more than usually animated when I, by chance, mentioned olives. This surprised me a little, because perhaps I have no great liking for this "fruit." Is it, by the way, a fruit or a vegetable? Opinions probably will be divided as to this, as they are on the right designation of the tomato. However, let this pass. My friend may be one of a great host willing to rise up and sing the praises of the olive, whether eaten as a prelude to the feast or, as some prefer, at dessert, to restore the palate or as a digestive. But some will tell you that there are "olives *and* olives." For some they must be Spanish olives; others prefer the French or Italian fruit. Let us hope that each will get what he most likes this Christmas.

I suspect that force of circumstances laid the foundation for the honoured place which the olive

We are reminded again of that memorable venture of the dove whenever we speak of "holding out the olive-branch." The Biblical references to the olive are many. It is used as a type of fruitfulness, and we ourselves, adopting this conception, speak of children as "olive-branches." The fleshy portion of

to call the Holy Land; and one of my most treasured possessions is a copy of his book on the Natural History of the Bible, which he gave me. Many of these trees are said to date from the time of Christ. Gnarled and wrinkled and hollow, their appearance attests their great antiquity.

But evil days overtook the olive trees many centuries ago, for the remains of deserted cities in Palestine still show the ruins of olive presses. The trees and the glorious cedars of Lebanon shared a like fate. Now that the country is being reorganised, it is to be hoped that strenuous efforts will be made to re-afforest these depleted areas, not merely for the sake of their economic value and for the sake of the beauty inherent in living trees, but also because it would help to increase the rainfall, and bring abundant prosperity once more to the land.

The olive tree, however, is by no means confined to Palestine. There are ancient trees in Turkey said to date from the time of Pliny! And they are cultivated extensively in France, Spain, and Italy. There are two types of olive trees: the one having narrow, willow-like leaves, grey-green above and silvery below; the other with broad leaves and bearing conspicuously larger fruit.

This last is cultivated by the Spaniards; but the oil it yields, I am told, is rarely used on the Continent out of Spain. The finest oil, perhaps, is that from Tuscany. In both Spain and Italy, olive oil takes the place of cream and butter for cookery and table purposes.

Naturally, with a fruit so much in demand, acclimatisation experiments have been made in many parts of the world. The Jesuit missionaries introduced it into Mexico in the seventeenth century; and it grows freely in California. The olive trees of South Africa are represented by four distinct species, producing no fruit of any value; but the wood is remarkable for its extreme density, being said to rival iron in toughness and durability; hence they are known as "iron-wood" trees. Though related closely to our privet and more remotely to the ash, the olive tree will not thrive in England; save that against south walls it will do fairly well near London and in Devonshire. Apart from climate, it demands a calcareous soil.

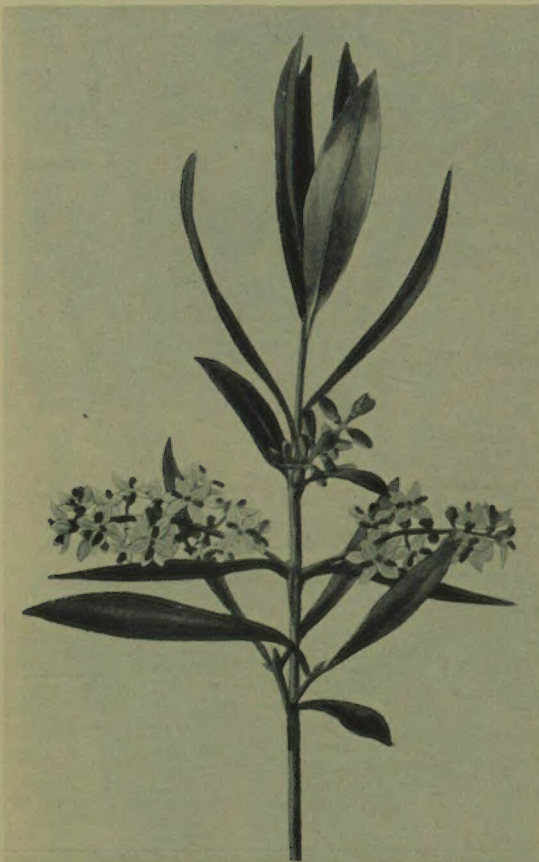


1. A TREE WHICH FIGURES LARGELY IN THE BIBLE AND IN LEGEND, AND PROVIDES AN IMPORTANT DELICACY FOR THE CHRISTMAS FEAST: AN OLIVE GROVE AT NICE.

The olive is the characteristic tree of Palestine. The olives in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the Mount of Olives, are among the oldest in the country, and are said to date back to the time of Christ. The tree grows to a height of about 20 ft., and is evergreen. It requires to be grafted, the fruit from trees grown from seedlings and suckers being small and worthless; hence the Biblical contrast between the wild and the good olive.

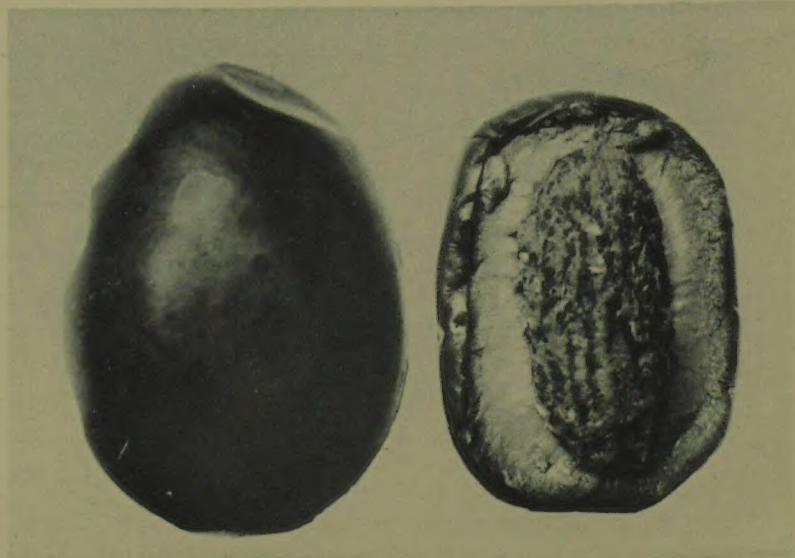
the olive provides more than solid food; for the berries, when ripe, yield oil of a quality vastly better than that of any other plant. And for this oil the Israelites of old found many uses. It supplies to their descendants to-day the place of butter; most dishes are cooked in it, and the bread is dipped in it. The soap of the country is made from it, or was; and it is, or was, their only illuminant; while its medicinal properties were rated highly. For it was applied to wounds and bruises; it was rubbed on the body after the bath; and was used to dress the hair. Finally, it was used for anointing priests and kings, and is so used to-day on the occasions of our own Coronations. The berry, pickled, is still, I am told, the mainstay of the countryman when he goes forth to his work in the field; for his dinner consists of a handful of olives and thin, tough barley-cakes.

The produce of oil is astonishing, a single tree yielding from ten to fifteen gallons; while the wood of the tree is most valuable, being finely grained and of a rich amber colour. It is still used in the finest cabinet-work. In the days of Solomon it supplied the wood for the doors and posts of the great temple and the cherubims. Judged by our own standards, the olive would not be called a beautiful tree. But beauty is a relative term. With our wealth of different species, indigenous and alien, we have a richer heritage than we commonly realise. On the arid ground of the Holy Land our oak and elm, ash, beech, and birch, could never obtain a foothold. In like circumstances we should praise the olive, which has so completely adjusted itself to its environment that its span of years rivals, or even exceeds, that of the oak. Among the oldest trees of the country, I remember the late Canon Tristram telling me, are those of the Garden of Gethsemane. He was the greatest authority of his time on what we have come



2. AN OLIVE BRANCH; SHOWING THE LEAVES THAT ARE WILLOW-LIKE AND BLuish-GREEN IN COLOUR, AND FLOWERS THAT ARE SMALL, WHITE, AND FRAGRANT.

holds in the esteem of men, for it thrives where more luscious fruit cannot possibly live. And men apparently soon discovered that it provided not only a highly nutritious food, but that its natural oil was more suited to a warm climate than animal fats. Noah, we may surmise, laid in a good store of olives for the sustenance of himself and his family during his enforced sojourn on board his home-made yacht, while he awaited the subsidence of the Mesopotamian flood! Moreover, there is another witness to the high place of the olive in man's esteem, even at this remote period. For it will be remembered that it was an olive-leaf which the dove brought back to him, plucked from some partially submerged olive-grove, as a sign that he and his would soon be squelching about on relatively dry land.



3. THE PLUM-LIKE FRUIT OF THE OLIVE: THE WHOLE FRUIT, WHICH TURNS PURPLE WHEN RIPE; AND (RIGHT) THE FLESHY PORTION OF ONE SIDE REMOVED TO SHOW THE STONE.

The olives used for pickling are gathered before they are ripe. There are references in the Bible to the gathering of the fruit, which had to be done by shaking the branches. It was forbidden to shake the same tree twice; such fruit as remained on the tree after the first shaking had to be left for the poor.



BRITISH CHILDREN: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"AN AUNT WITH A NICE NATURE."



"ROSEBUDS IN DECEMBER."

We here continue our new series of reproductions of drawings by that distinguished modern artist and shrewd observer of human nature, Edmund Blampied. In this series, devoted to studies of British children, we have already shown incidents from the

life of the poor child and the rich child; exciting occasions in a poor district; two studies of childish confidences, and two of children at play. On this page we reproduce drawings that record scenes redolent of the spirit of the festive season.



A ONE - HORNED JAVANESE RHINOCEROS SHOT IN SUMATRA, WHERE IT WAS NOT THOUGHT TO EXIST.

A PERILOUS SHIKAR THAT ENTAILED HOURS OF WRIGGLING THROUGH ALMOST IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE.

By J. C. HAZEWINKEL.

This narrative of a rhinoceros hunt is not only of great interest by reason of the graphic quality of its descriptions, but also because the hunter, Mynheer Hazewinkel, has been able to demonstrate that the one-horned Javan Rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros Sondaicus*) is also native to Sumatra, and not only Java and the mainland of Asia—a fact of which hitherto zoologists have not apparently been aware.

WE were camping on one of those remote native clearings in the jungle, very primitively tilled, and only occupied at intervals, called ladangs. As usual, I slept under the porch of one of those flimsy little huts, built on high poles, preferring rather the chill night air or an inquisitive tiger to the stuffy and smelly interior, generally over-crowded with children in various sizes, ages, and tempers.

The sun was still hiding behind the trees of the forest, that bordered all four sides of our little clearing. Rays, filtering through the foliage, were painting the morning mist a deep red gold, and the dew drops on the coffee leaves were sparkling with all the colours of the rainbow. Now and then, the distant call of the Argus Pheasant marked the beginning of a new day, and was, at the same time, the signal for all nocturnal prowlers to regain their shelters. It was cold, accentuated by a gentle breeze; therefore nobody, though already awake, liked the idea of leaving their blankets very much. Yet the camp ought to have been bustling with activity, to get ready for the start, in spite of the cold and the early hour. Ought to have been! But then, why not?

Already on two previous trips in these regions, news received from the natives concerning the whereabouts and movements of a big rhinoceros had proved to be worthless. Being an incorrigible optimist, I firmly believed in the luck of the third time. The reward of this faith was tracks indeed, but all more than two weeks old, leading us a merry-go-round for five consecutive days! Small wonder that everybody was feeling dejected and apathetic, and lacked the usual eagerness to be early on the trail. It was then that I saw one of the guides—a venerable Hadji (whose portrait appears on this page)—emerging from the bush, shouting, gesticulating, and actually on the run! At the sight of this uncommon behaviour, I groaned with misgiving, for surely what could it mean otherwise than that somebody had been bitten by a poisonous snake, or perhaps some other calamity, that would cause delay, or even break off our trip. But the moment I realised the meaning of his words, I became suddenly wide awake. Forgotten was all stiffness, gone all grumblings and grudges against Diana, goddess of hunting!

It appeared that the Hadji, when he went to bring water for the cook, had stumbled upon the fresh track

try to propitiate the Pojang with offerings, ranging from flowers to a buffalo, in proportion to the importance of their undertakings. In this particular instance a couple of chickens, black and white, that we had specially

good spirits. So, every big forest has its Keeper, the Pojang, the Spirit of some ancient king or warrior, frequently the ancestor from whom they claim descent. Whenever they go into the bush: to hunt, fish, or to cut trees, to collect forest-produce or to select the site for a new ladang, they will always

much clearer, so we advanced with the utmost care, now and then stopping motionless to listen. Suddenly we heard terrific snorting, and the sound of a heavy body crashing through the underwood; but after some moments silence reigned supreme again: such is the uncanny way these animals, representing so many tons of flesh, muscle, and bone, move through the forest without making unnecessary noises.

With nerves taut through excitement, we crept on with the utmost wariness; for anything might happen now. Arriving at a cluster of big trees, we found that, had we but come some minutes earlier, we could have surprised him taking his bath in a mud-pool. In these pools, called koebangs, the rhino likes to wallow, just like the buffalo, to cover

to protect it against heat, leeches, and ticks. These koebangs are found at fixed intervals in the haunts of the rhino, that it may indulge in its particular hobby as frequently as it likes. Now trailing became decidedly unpleasant, for in no time we were covered with the same protective layer, due to the mud which had stuck to the underwood. This went on for about three-quarters of an hour, and by that time we were totally unrecognisable, for mud, sweat, leeches, and rotan-creepers had played havoc with our features and clothing, not to mention the strain, which was telling severely on our nerves. Then, as suddenly as before, that well-remembered snorting, immediately followed by an angry roar and stamping of the brute's massive feet. That indicated business without a doubt!

On he came, though nothing was to be seen. The direction of the tremendous noise he was making showed us that my native hunter was his objective. I saw the man taking aim, then, without shooting, making a dash sideways. Almost the same moment a big black mass crashed at breakneck speed through the underwood, near the spot where the man had been standing. The brute was gone so quickly that I did not get the chance to shoot. Swerving back on a wide curve, he now made a dash at two natives who were lagging behind. A yell followed, and somebody's incoherent prayers! We went back as quickly as possible, fearing the worst. But what we saw was too much for our already overtaxed nerves. We had simply to laugh and laugh! Our holy man, the Hadji, clung like a huge, flapping bat, head down, to the branch of a very providential

tree, still invoking Allah most urgently not to forget the Pojang!

When at last we had got him down and soothed his terror-stricken mind, he told us that the rhino nearly got him, and that the brute was a very big one, with a long horn. That was just the stimulant we needed. After my hunter had explained to me the reason why he had not been able to shoot—he had clean forgotten to push back the safety-catch—we took up the trail again. Yet I was afraid that we should not get the chance of a second meeting with our thick-skinned friend. But, thanks to the chickens—bless them!—our luck held true. In less than ten minutes he was again announcing his friendly intentions; followed it up with a rush at us. [Continued on opposite page.]



AN ANIMAL WHOSE TRACKS ARE SOMETIMES CONFUSED WITH THOSE OF THE RHINOCEROS: THE SHY MALAYAN TAPIR, PHOTOGRAPHED STANDING IN A MUD-POOL; WITH ITS CHARACTERISTIC PARTI-COLOURED SKIN.

The *Tapirus Indicus*, or "saddled" Tapir, is a timid, good-natured, and quite harmless herbivorous animal. Its only weapons are its teeth and bulk (length, some 8 ft.; height, about 4 ft. 6 in.), for the latter may be used in knocking down and trampling an aggressor. It has on the fore- and hind-feet respectively three and four sharp pointed toes; whereas the rhino possesses only three, which are more or less circular. For an expert tracker it is, therefore, easy enough to distinguish them from each other.

brought with us, were slaughtered on the spot, where the Hadji had found the track. Incense was burned, and a vow made that, should the hunt materialise and without accidents, a full-grown goat would be provided as a thanksgiving. Naturally, I had to provide the goat; and they would feast on it!

Trailing rhino in the Sumatran jungle necessitates the utmost dexterity, for the rhino's senses of smell and hearing are extraordinarily acute. Furthermore, the paths are so irregular, twisting back and forth, that when one expects the quarry to be still in front, it may turn up, quite suddenly, behind or beside you, to the disadvantage of the hunter! Though rhinos like to follow and use the forest trails, they generally leave them when feeding, and then tracking becomes a most uncongenial task! One has to wriggle through the virgin masses of tangled brushwood and creepers, taking exceptional care not to make too much noise. And this may go on for hours and hours! Now, when tracking elephants, even a solitary bull will kindly oblige you by making an easy path to follow—for they act more or less like a steam-roller. In Sumatra, where

the rhino does not live in open plains or sparsely covered places, it is necessary to keep on the look-out for fresh tracks, and then to follow them up, until you overtake it. This, in a jungle which is one intertwined mass of undergrowth and creepers, in which the ill-famed rotan plays an unending game of "wait a little"—or, perhaps, in dense secondary bush, thickly interspersed with shoulder-high along-along grass. It is no job for a big party; three or four men at the most are needed, while the rest with the camp outfits have to follow later along the same trail. This trail is specially marked, lest they should lose their way. The larger the pursuing party, the more dangerous it becomes, in cases of sudden attacks, due to the difficulty of scattering, as one would in more open country. Even accidents may occur, for in the excitement somebody may be hurt, even shot.

On this occasion, though it had not rained for over a month, the track was easy to follow, for luckily our friend did not use the beaten paths, preferring to make a new one. At about eleven o'clock the track became



THE HEAD OF THE RHINOCEROS (*RHINOCEROS SONDAICUS*) KILLED BY MYNHEER HAZEWINKEL IN THE SHIKAR DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE: EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE JAVANESE ONE-HORNED SPECIES IN SUMATRA.

of a big rhino, where the path crossed the little brook. Yet I was still sceptical, for it might prove to be those of a big tapir (such as is seen in the accompanying illustration). It would not have been the first time that such a mistake had been made, even by natives. But Allah be praised, that day our luck was really incredible! We had been scouring the bush for five days, without reward. Then, when least expected, our friend passed at less than a hundred yards from the very ladang we had chosen for our camp! This sounds unbelievable, for the rhino is known to be particularly shy, giving inhabited places always a wide berth. But this one, as I had occasion enough to learn on my previous trips, even dared to cross the larger inhabited ladangs, nearer the villages. According to all concerned, the brute could not have gone far. So we had a fair chance.

The camp, some moments previously quiet and sleepy-looking, became now the scene of busy activity. Before leaving we had first to attend a little ceremony. The natives, though Mohammedans, still believe in evil and



A "HADJI," OR HOLY MAN, ONE OF MYNHEER HAZEWINKEL'S SHIKARIS, WHO DISCOVERED THE FRESH TRACKS OF THE BULL RHINOCEROS, AND WAS NEARLY KILLED BY THE QUARRY: A VENERABLE SUMATRAN, WHO, THOUGH A MOHAMMEDAN, SACRIFICED TO THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT OF THE FOREST, TO ENSURE THE GOOD FORTUNE OF THE HUNT.



## THE ONE-HORNED JAVANESE RHINOCEROS FOUND ALSO IN SUMATRA.



THE ONE-HORNED JAVANESE RHINOCEROS SHOT IN SUMATRA: A BULL THAT REACHED 3 YDS. 1 FT. 4 IN. IN LENGTH, STOOD ABOUT 1 YD. 1 FT. 6 IN. HIGH, AND HAD A HORN MEASURING 14½ IN. ALONG ITS CURVED FORE-SIDE; PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER THE SHOULDER-HIGH "ALANG-ALANG" GRASS HAD BEEN CUT DOWN ALL ROUND THE CARCASE.

*Continued.*

This time we were prepared. Two shots! The colossus was stopped, as if by a giant hand. Swaying to and fro, he slithered down on his fore-knees, after some uncertain steps, and finally fell down on his side, spitting and groaning. Vainly he tried to get up again. Some last contortions and grunts, then stillness, the more impressive after the previous hubbub. We approached as cautiously as possible, for he might not have been quite dead. But he was! Great rejoicings! For me, all expenses, troubles, and vexations were at last crowned by getting this really very big male specimen of the one-horned *Rhinoceros Sondaicus* (or *Javanensis* Cuv), one of the biggest of its species. Heretofore, zoologists had apparently not been aware that the *Rhinoceros Sondaicus* was also native to Sumatra, and not only to Java and the mainland of Asia. This one, the first of a series of seven shot by me, proved it beyond doubt. Rejoicings among the natives, because they had been rid of a dangerous neighbour, who was more feared than the elephant, and had been terrorising them for years and years while on their way to their isolated ladangs, with their wives and children, along lonely bush-trails, only armed with smooth-bored rifles, not even breech-loaders. Great rejoicings for my men, because they anticipated a big feast, in which a goat—a very big one, too—would play an important part. And what about our



THE ONE-HORNED JAVAN RHINOCEROS SHOT IN SUMATRA—TO THE SURPRISE OF ZOOLOGISTS: THE KILL PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A 5½-YARD PYTHON, SHOT ON THE SAME DAY WHILE COILED UP LETHARGICALLY IN SHALLOW WATER, DIGESTING AFTER A RECENT MEAL OF WOODCOCK, PORCUPINE, AND DWARF MUSK-DEER.

friend the rhino? Well, he went the way of all rhinos; namely, to the chemists of the Celestial Empire, with hide and hair, to give—with more or less results—youth and vitality to old sinners and patriarchs who still refused to renounce the pleasures of life. The Chinese gladly pay quite a lot of money for the hide of the one-horned rhino (up to fl. 1500), and, in particular, the chula, or horn, will fetch fancy prices, even up to 4000 guilders (nearly £500). The two-horned *Rhinoceros Sumatrensis* is, on the contrary, far less valuable: will fetch, in fact, only about one-tenth of the above-mentioned prices. Hide, horn, blood, and other parts of the body, pulverised or as an extract, provide the most essential ingredients for very potent and renowned medicines. According to the Chinese and the natives, those medicines should be able to give back lost strength, youth, and vitality, and cure various diseases. The

horns are sometimes modelled into goblets. Water or some other liquid, when left in such a vessel for some days, should then become a veritable panacea against all ailments and diseases, even tuberculosis and the plague! The belief attached to the magical curative and invigorating powers of these drugs is a survival of animism. The rhino is to those simple-minded people the symbol of exuberant male vigour, and accordingly that much coveted strength must adhere to every part of his body.



## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THE time is approaching when there will be nobody left to speak of the sailing-ships from personal experience. Already the great stories are dim. We cannot be too grateful to John Masefield, whose art and knowledge have created "*The Bird of Dawning*" out of the romance of the China tea-clippers, in beautiful prose and with a masterly handling of storm and shipwreck. The human material with which the shipmaster had to deal might, and often did, add to the hazards of his calling. Mr. Masefield's crew with the Cotswold names were mostly honest and loyal seamen, but there were bad bargains among them, brutalised or criminal men who went seafaring for dubious reasons. Captains suffered from the strain of their command; though we are entitled to believe the masters of the *Black Gauntlet* and *The Bird of Dawning* were exceptionally unbalanced. One was a religious maniac; both cast away their ships in mid-ocean. That was how it came about that "Cruiser" Trewsbury, the young second-mate of the homeward bound *Black Gauntlet*, watched her founder, standing by in an open boat with sixteen survivors; and how it was that he fell in with her sister-ship, the deserted *Bird of Dawning*, manned her with his exhausted men, and sailed home to victory in the China Tea Race. Truly a fine and stirring adventure story of heroism on the sea.

All that was seventy years ago. "Trumpeter, Sound!" by D. L. Murray, leaves off about the date when "*The Bird of Dawning*" begins, having this in common with it, that the principal character is a young Englishman who is tested by hardship and danger. Mr. Murray's book is in the tradition of the mid-Victorians. Mark Woodroffe was the unacknowledged son of a nobleman, who consigned him at birth to a gamekeeper's cottage, and thence to drudgery in a London drug and spice merchant's warehouse, where hours were long and wages meagre. The successor to the title, his half-brother, was an even greater villain, and it was Mark's misfortune that he enlisted in his regiment of Hussars. The barbarities of the old Army discipline are recalled, preceding the Crimean tragedy. The Dickens influence comes out strongly, at the warehouse, in Mark's friendship with stage folk and other queerities in Clerkenwell, and in his love for pretty little Fanny, the ballet dancer. This is an old story re-told; but the best stories are old ones, and we shall not tire of them as long as they are as competently written as "Trumpeter, Sound!" and appeal as directly to the simple emotions.

"The Oppermanns" is Lion Feuchtwanger's case for the German Jews. He touches on the hapless position of those Aryan Germans whose silence does not imply conversion to Hitlerism; but his subject is the calamity that has befallen his own people. All his powerful gift has been applied to it. The characters are not the reproduction of particular figures, but he vouches for their being historically true to type. For the material for the description of the concentration camps he has drawn upon the accounts of those who have escaped from them, and from the official publications of the *Reichsanzeiger* for 1933. The Oppermanns, at the outset, are typical prosperous Jewish citizens living a peaceful existence in Berlin; the doctor, devoted to his science, the art-lover, the successful directors of an old-established firm. Then the storm gathers and breaks, and they are boycotted, stripped of their possessions, and swept into exile. Gustav Oppermann, a genial optimist who is so misguided as to return to Germany, is identified by the Nazi organisation, and dies as the result of his maltreatment in a camp. "The Oppermanns" leaves a deeply painful impression.

The mind and manner of Henry Romilly Fedden are remote from European political convulsions. His talent—it is a considerable one, for he is a young man of promise—is dedicated to the fine presentment of æsthetic values, of delicate reflections, intangible distances, and strange trees in a subdued landscape. In the foreground of his composition he places the hedonistic Martin, the true egoist, a charming man who "knows too well wherein happiness lies to trouble himself with getting or spending, moving and striving." We are invited to see, through Martin's eyes, the beauty of the process of living with

delight in philosophy and art, enjoyed by one who is a "courteous, tranquil companion" so long as his complacency is not assailed or his careful art of life impeded. Martin and Benjamin in "*As The Unicorn*" are designed to harmonise with Nature's undertones. The book is a contemplation which the human interest, even including sudden death, scarcely ruffles. To pass from it to Lady Eleanor Smith's "*Christmas Tree*" is to emerge from a curiously languorous atmosphere into a blaze of electric light. "*Christmas Tree*" opens in the great West-End store where Miss Heath, of the tired feet, was selling the trees to seven customers. No Bob Cratchit or Tiny Tim here; these were not poor folks' trees; not even the one bought by the friendless German governess, for that was her Christmas extravagance. The first one found its way into the traditionally happy home of a young father and mother; and, among the rest, one went to a big restaurant, one to a stage party, and one to a cinema star, a reckless, unhappy boy's light-of-love. Where they went Lady Eleanor Smith followed, sympathetic or ironical, and always brilliant, with an acute eye for the wagging of the modern world. Another book spiced with wit is "*The Over-Dose*," by Joyce Denny, who revels in the absurd creatures with whom, in text and illustrations, she has peopled the solemn world of medicine. It is a capital one for a sick bed; but only if the attendant physician (as it might be, Miss Denny's Dr. Gargle) allows his patient to laugh.

"The Augs," by G. B. Stern, is sub-titled "An Exaggeration." It is the literary counterpart of the exaggeration in the Hall of Mirrors at Fun Fair. The Augs are the vulgar August visitors who make seaside resorts unendurable for the residents. They are fair

damaged, probably for life, by his flight from reality into the Aug game. Miss Stern has spoiled a good satire by being altogether too convincing about Christopher's aberration. In "*Beggars Would Ride*," by Eleanor Scott, the black-coated English are discovered in their suburban home. The story of the frustrated young couple is a pathetic one, naturally told. One's sympathy is excited for Len and Ethel, who get on each other's nerves, and, to a lesser extent, for the hearty curate who

introduces them to "up-lift" for his own mixed purposes. They have lived too long on shams to profit by the opportunity, from the patent shams Len sells across a chemist's counter to Ethel's sham social refinements; and they will never escape from them. Miss Scott affects to believe that a baby sets everything right. Ignoring the plain fact that she is adding another little Len or Ethel to the population, she drops an infant into the middle of their incompatibilities, and expects us to hope for the best.

Here are two historical books. "*The Royal Nonesuch*," by Beatrice White, is a monograph on Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Unfortunately for Miss White, there is not much to be said about him. She covers the deficiency by declaring her work to be a Tudor tapestry; and when Brandon's relations with Henry VIII. and Mary Tudor are exhausted she dismisses him in a few pages. Tapestry is a good term for her compilation; she has expended no small amount of selective care on the rich background of the period, the dress and features of Kings and courtiers, and the gorgeous flowering of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Her character studies are naïvely attractive. "*Double Dallilay*" is George R. Preedy at his best. It opens up a fresh view of Mary Queen of Scots. Whether we agree with the

writer or not, the deductions drawn from Mary's life in the two years embracing the Darnley marriage and murder, and her incarceration at Loch Leven, are extremely interesting. "*Double Dallilay*" is a very good novel, and possibly an emendation of history.

The four thrillers of the month to hand are a well-written, lively bunch. "*Watch the Wall*," by Laurence W. Meynell, is not, as the title suggests, a romance of the gentlemen with brandy for the parson and baccy for the clerk. Mr. Meynell's cleverness lies in lifting the sensational smuggler out of the picturesque setting of the good old times and transporting him to the illicit drug and dope traffic of the present day. The passion and turmoil of men's hearts, he remarks, remain unchanged; and his modern smugglers at Rye and Romney Marsh are as daring and desperate in action as ever their predecessors were. "*The Murder at the Flower Show*," by Mark Beckett, "*End of an Ancient Mariner*," by G. D. H. and M. Cole, and "*The Cold Finger Curse*," by Edwin Dial Torgerson, are detective stories. "*The Flower Show Murder*" is soberly told, soundly constructed, and wraps up the mystery ingeniously. "*End of an Ancient Mariner*" runs on the lines first introduced into this class of fiction by Isabel Ostrander; that is to say, it works back from the murderer to the discovery of his crime. A Cole story is always a first-class story, and this is at least the equal of any they have written. In "*The Cold Finger Curse*" a millionaire's wife ventures into the hectic Bohemian society of Greenwich Village, and is horribly murdered for her temerity. The cold finger curse is a distinct novelty, and one more intriguing illustration of the arbitrary powers of the American police.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Bird of Dawning*. By John Masefield. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
*Trumpeter, Sound!* By D. L. Murray. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)  
*The Oppermanns*. By Lion Feuchtwanger. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)  
*As the Unicorn*. By Henry Romilly Fedden. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)  
*Christmas Tree*. By Lady Eleanor Smith. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
*The Over-Dose*. By Joyce Denny. (The Bodley Head; 5s.)  
*The Augs*. By G. B. Stern. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
*Beggars Would Ride*. By Eleanor Scott. (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.)  
*Royal Nonesuch*. By Beatrice White. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)  
*Double Dallilay*. By George R. Preedy. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)  
*Watch the Wall*. By Laurence W. Meynell. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)  
*The Murder at the Flower Show*. By Mark Beckett. (Eldon Press; 7s. 6d.)  
*End of an Ancient Mariner*. By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
*The Cold Finger Curse*. By Edwin Dial Torgerson. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A MOGUL PAINTING OF A TURKEY-COCK.

The turkey, a native of Mexico, was brought by the Spaniards to Europe perhaps in 1530, but did not reach India till 1612. In that year the Mogul Emperor Jahangir purchased a turkey from the Portuguese of Goa to add to his zoological collections, and commissioned the Court painter, Mansur, to paint it. The painting is in water-colours and gold on fine bamboo pulp paper from Kagazpura, Deccan. On the reverse is the imperial seal of the Emperor in black ink.



THE ENGLISH BIRD GROUP AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—DEDICATED TO VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON: A NEW EXHIBIT CONTAINING SOME SIXTY SPECIES.

In 1910 Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, on a visit to England, strolled with Lord Grey in the New Forest, and a beautiful spot visited by those eminent naturalists on their walk is reproduced faithfully in the painted background to this group of English birds. The group will stand as a memorial to Viscount Grey. It contains some sixty species (though it is very hard to discern more than about a dozen in the photograph), ranging from the tiny gold-crest to the tawny owl.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

game for comedy; but Miss Stern has broadened her comedy until smiles expand into grimaces, and frowns are distorted into psycho-pathological symptoms. The Leigh family, led by the Colonel, had linked up its detestation of the intruding Augs with the accidental death of a Leigh child, many years before. It was true the little boy was drowned boating with an Aug or two; but the memory was a morbid obsession, and it is not amusing that a later child, Christopher, had his mental balance



## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.

SPECIAL SECTION.



### DÜRER'S "THE MADONNA WITH THE SISKIN."

A MASTERPIECE WHICH SHOWS VENETIAN INFLUENCE.

Particular interest attaches to this Dürer from the fact that, like "The Feast of the Rosary," it shows Venetian influence, particularly that of Bellini. It was painted in 1506; and it may be recalled that Dürer was in Venice from the end of 1505 until the beginning of 1507. "The Madonna with the Siskin" is a treasure of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin. A siskin, be it

noted for the benefit of those who are not ornithologists, is a small finch, popular as a cage bird, which is distributed over Europe and parts of Asia, and breeds in the northern parts of Great Britain and Ireland. The American siskin (*Spinus tristis*), a distinctly lively bird, is abundant in parts of the United States and also in Canada.

AFTER THE ORIGINAL BY ALBRECHT DÜRER IN THE KAISER FRIEDRICH MUSEUM, BERLIN.







## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: A POUCHED CURIOSITY AMONG BIRDS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY FIELD, FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CHICAGO.



THE BROWN PELICAN OF AMERICA (*PELECANUS OCCIDENTALIS*) RISING FROM THE WATER, WITH THE TAIL OF A FISH PROTRUDING FROM ITS BEAK: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH FROM FLORIDA; SHOWING THE PECULIAR SKIN-POUCH.

The pelican, with its big extensible skin-pouch on the lower jaw, is one of the most curious of all birds. Its great beak is wonderfully adapted for "dredging" fish from shallow waters. The specimen shown here is a Brown Pelican, one of the two American forms, and is a member of the only species that seeks its prey from the air. It is seen rising from the water, at Pirates' Cove, Florida, with a

fish in its beak. Need it be said that the legend that the pelican feeds and revivifies its young with the blood from its own breast is unfounded. No doubt the story arose from the pelican's habit of pressing the beak against the breast and raising the upper mandible, whereupon the young help themselves to the fish in the pouch. The bird flies with its neck bent back over the body.

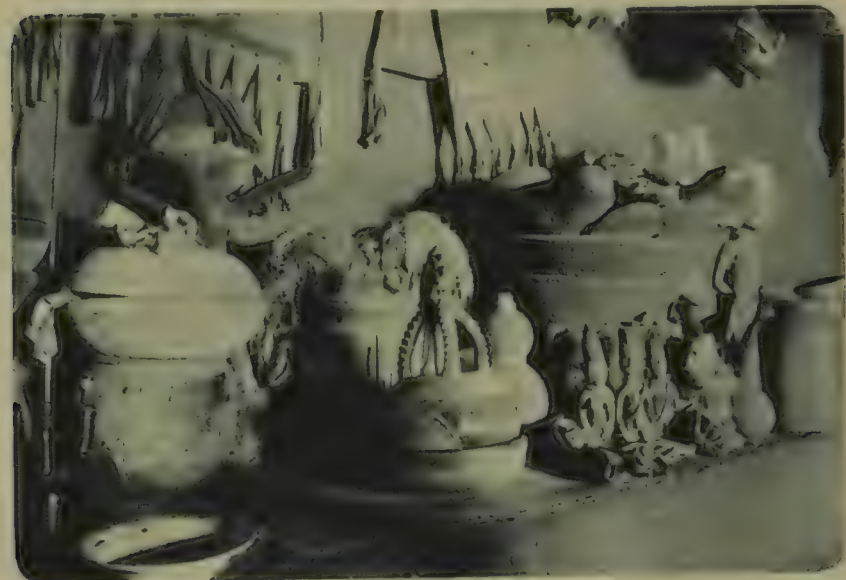


## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES FROM OVERSEAS.



**HYDRAULICS—TEN "FOOT-POWER":** A LABORIOUS METHOD OF REGULATING THE WATER ON THE PADDY-FIELDS OF TRAVANCORE.

We reproduce here an unusually illuminating illustration of the process of draining-out water from a paddy-field in Travancore (South India) for the sowing. The water-wheel is used for letting the water out and in. Turning it by means of the feet is a laborious task which often lasts for several days and nights together. The men standing above the wheels have to work the hardest—as can be imagined!



**THUNDERBOLTS HURLED BY A NIGERIAN ZEUS PRESERVED IN HIS SHRINE.**  
SACRED STONES OF SHANGO (RIGHT CENTRE) AT IBADAN, NIGERIA.

Our illustration shows the inner shrine of the Temple of Shango (the God of Thunder) at Ibadan, the largest native town of Nigeria. Here rest the sacred stones hurled by the Thunder God. When a house is struck by lightning, the priests of Shango always "find" the stone which has been hurled by Shango. Often the destruction of the house has been caused by the mysterious workings of witch-craft connected with Shango worship.



**A QUIANT FREAK OF TREE-WORSHIP:** SHRINES AT A BURMESE BANYAN THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE HAUNT OF AN EVIL SPIRIT.

The large banyan-tree seen in our illustration is about twenty miles from Rangoon, and is supposed to be the home of a powerful Nab, or Evil Spirit. The little houses around and on the tree are the altars where worshippers place their offerings, which usually consist of flowers, or a certain kind of leaf. Note the mats in front of the tree for the worshippers to kneel on.



**THE JUNGLE HUMBLER THE IRON HORSE:** A LOCOMOTIVE SWAMPED AND ABANDONED IN DUTCH GUIANA, AND ENVELOPED IN TROPICAL VEGETATION.

In a world in which distance has been "conquered" and obstacles have been "abolished," it is rarely that Nature gets her own back so completely as this. However, floods on the Maroni River, in Dutch Guiana, come so frequently that the making of a railway-line was found to be impossible. The luxurious vegetation of the Tropics has draped this abandoned locomotive as though it were some startling fancy of the Victorian rockery-builder!



**LIKE A WAR PHOTOGRAPH:** THE POST OFFICE AT COOBBEE PEDY OPAL-FIELDS—IN AN OLD WORKING OF A MINE.

At a time when the Post Office in England may be said to be showing a laudable spirit of enterprise, as though determined to be second to none where the question of being up-to-date arises, it is interesting to observe the shifts resorted to by this public service in an out-of-the-way corner of the Empire. The post-office at Coobee Pedy opal-fields, in Australia, is rather reminiscent of another kind of "post" "somewhere in France"—or Gallipoli.



**A RELIC OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, NOW A PLEDGE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP:**  
CORNWALLIS'S HEADQUARTERS AT ALPINE, PRESERVED AS A MONUMENT.

The preservation of Cornwallis's headquarters at Alpine, in the Palisades Park, on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, is a notable tribute to the reality of Anglo-American friendship. Cornwallis lived in the house on the occasion when he turned General Greene out of Fort Lee, a minor action which says much for the ability of a much criticised commander. The building has been restored, and suitably furnished through the efforts of a New Jersey women's association.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD:  
A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES FROM OVERSEAS.



A "SCOTCH BAND" AT MOMBASA, COMPLETE WITH KILTS AND, IN SOME CASES, BAGPIPES: THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL UNIFORMS ADOPTED BY HOUSE-BOYS AND OTHER NATIVES FOR FUN.

Delight in "dressing up" is a trait common to children of every race and of every land, and common, too, among those who are no longer children but remain childlike at heart. Equally widespread is the game of playing at soldiers, and the pleasure taken in military ranks and in martial music. Not all the manifestations of these propensities are as innocuous or as amusing as that illustrated here. The house-boys and other natives of Mombasa take great delight in forming themselves into bands—the "Scotch band," the "Naval detachment," "Settlers," and so on—and wearing appropriate but variegated uniforms. In these they go on parade, drill, and sometimes serenade prominent people whom they wish to honour. The "Scotch band" has bagpipes, played, as our correspondent tells us, very well indeed; the "Naval detachment" has guns, like that shown on the right; and the whole business is taken with the utmost seriousness.



A "GUN" OF THE "NAVAL DETACHMENT" AT MOMBASA, WITH WHEELS THAT WILL, AT LEAST, GO ROUND: WARLIKE APPURTENANCES OF NATIVES WHO DELIGHT IN PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.



A COLUMBARIUM IN THE FAYUM: AN ELABORATE EGYPTIAN PIGEON-HOUSE, ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR YARDS LONG; FAR GRANDER THAN THE MEAN HOVELS IN WHICH THE NATIVES LIVE. In the Fayum Oasis, some sixty miles south-west of Cairo, it is the custom of the natives to construct elaborate pigeon-houses to accommodate thousands of birds. The main walls are built of sun-dried mud bricks and the superstructure of mud and chopped straw, in which are embedded baked clay jars with the bottom knocked out to give access to the interior and its many perches.



A THATCHED WOODEN CHURCH BUILT AT A COST OF 100 DOLLARS TO REPLACE ONE DESTROYED IN A CYCLONE: A CUBAN LABOUR OF LOVE. La Gloria, in the Province of Camaguey, Cuba, is a small colony of English, Canadians, and Americans. The Episcopal Church there was destroyed in a cyclone last year, but the people rebuilt it with their own labour inside a month. Gathering their material from neighbouring forests, they erected a building in the Creole style, using beams of native hardwood covered with palm thatch and surrounded with a paling of over three thousand saplings.



JOINTS OF BAMBOO AS WATER-VESSELS: A LITTLE KAREN GIRL GOING TO DRAW WATER WITH HER STRANGE PAILS; THE STRINGS ON EACH JOINT PASSING OVER HER FOREHEAD—LEFT, FRONT VIEW; RIGHT, BACK VIEW. This girl of the Hill Karens in Upper Burma is going to draw water with a curious form of bucket used in that country. Seven or eight joints of bamboo are bound together with string, the ends passing over the forehead to keep the whole contraption in place. They would hold at least two pails full of water. The Karens include a number of tribes both in Upper and Lower Burma. Those who live in the hills are supposed to be descended from Chinese tribes driven southwards by the pressure of the Shan races before they were again extruded by the expansion of the Môn power.



A FUNGUS LIKE A SHIELD: A 22-INCH EDIBLE MUSHROOM THAT GROWS WILD IN NORTHERN RHODESIA. Those who like mushrooms may be excused the sentiment of envy naturally aroused by this photograph. But, though the mushroom has a diameter of 22 in., and though it is edible, our correspondent says nothing of its taste. Perhaps it is leathery or insipid—those unlikely to visit Northern Rhodesia may hope so!



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: THE DANCE OF SLEEPING CHILDREN:  
THE BALINESE "SANGYONG" IN HONOUR OF THE HINDU GOD VISHNU.



THE CHORUS OF YOUNG MEN ROUND THE OPEN FIRE, WHILE THE LITTLE GIRLS DANCE IN A TRANCE:  
ARMS UPRaised IN HONOUR OF THE GOD VISHNU.

OF all the curious customs of Bali, that enchanted island of the Dutch East Indies, none is stranger than the "sangyong" dance, performed by little girls in a state of trance. Several times a year great feasts are celebrated in honour of the Hindu god Vishnu, and on these occasions, or when sickness or danger threatens the islanders, the "sangyong" is performed. The dancers are girls up to the age of eight, who, having voluntarily presented themselves to the priest, have been brought up in the temple under his care. The following account is taken from an eye-witness's report of the dance. Two children, clad in rich and fantastic clothing, kneel down beside the priest before the altar. Little oil lamps are lit, and a bowl of incense of a peculiar kind is placed before the

[Continued above.]



FALLING TO SLEEP FROM INHALING THE FUMES OF INCENSE, THE LITTLE DANCER IS TAKEN UP AND PUT IN  
A STANDING POSITION, WHEREUPON SHE BEGINS HER DANCE.



THE START OF THE DANCE OF SLEEPING MAIDENS: EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRLS, WITH THEIR EYES CLOSED IN DEEP SLEEP,  
BEGIN TO GO THROUGH THEIR RITUAL MOVEMENTS.



THE DANCE OF THE GIRLS IN A TRANCE, TO THE MUSIC OF THE GAMELANS; EXQUISITE GESTURES OF THE ARMS AND FINGERS  
FORMING AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE DANCE.

girls, who deeply inhale its stupefying fumes. Before long they are fast asleep, as though in a state of intoxication, and, as the trance comes on, the little girls' heads keep drooping down, describing a semi-circle over the bowl of incense—from right to left, from left to right. The gamelan gongs strike up, and now the motion of the girls' heads grows faster in time with the quickening music. Their faces become distorted, and eventually the girls fall back unconscious. Now the perspiration is wiped from their brows, and golden crowns are set upon their heads; a chorus of women begins to sing; then the men join in; while the gamelan pours forth its deep, hollow notes. At length the children are brought to a standing position; and in a deep sleep, with their eyes closed, they begin to dance. It is a dance in which the feet are earthbound and the legs move little. The music grows louder, the men, with staring eyes and upraised arms, utter wild cries, and the girls' movements, of arm and wrist and finger, of head and body, quicken in time with the insistent beating of the gongs, tracing a pattern of pure line in which each gesture, maybe, has its own ritual significance. When the music ceases, the girls sink to the ground. Then they are seated on golden chairs, and all the sick people of the village come and touch their garments, hoping to be healed. The gamelan gong orchestra of Bali is a unique, distinctive form of music, almost impossible

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HADSON VON PERSSON AND DR. VICTOR DÄHLGREN—BALI EXPEDITION.

RITUALISTIC DANCERS IN A TRANCE DUE TO INCENSE FUMES:  
EIGHT-YEAR-OLD PRIESTESSES OF BALI, THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.



AS THE MUSIC OF THE GAMELAN GONGS GROWS LOUDER AND FASTER, THE YOUNG MEN UTTER WILD CRIES:  
THE CHORUS APPROACHING A STATE OF RELIGIOUS ECSTASY.

to describe. It is mostly in a minor key; it is almost all percussion; it is built of instruments like a xylophone, but the scale is different, as is the tonal quality. There is nothing of song about it—just short themes mingled and repeated with infinite variations. Hickman Powell writes, in "The Last Paradise": "As I listen I know that this is a highly developed counterpoint, based on the simplest of melodies, simple things exquisitely interwoven, like the pattern of an Oriental rug. . . . In its brazen percussion I search in vain for any hint of the loftiness of Beethoven or the sentimentality of Mendelssohn, for any emotional content at all. . . . Its intervals of tone are slightly different from ours, in a way that cannot be accurately written in our notations."



THE CHILD DANCER'S HEAD DROOPS OVER THE INCENSE-BOWL: A YOUNG BALINESE GIRL, WEARING FANTASTIC  
CLOTHING AND A RICH HEAD-DRESS FOR THE CEREMONY.

[Continued above.]



# OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: A GEOLOGICAL "JIG-SAW"; A NATURAL HOT BATH.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. GALE AND GEORGE L. BEAM. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.



A "JIG-SAW PUZZLE" IN GEOLOGICAL FORMATION: UNUSUAL POLYGONAL JOINTING IN WHITE SANDSTONE NEAR MEEKER (IN NORTH-WESTERN COLORADO), THROUGH WHICH RUNS THE NORTHERN HIGHWAY ROUTE TO SALT LAKE CITY AND ON TO THE PACIFIC COAST.



A GIGANTIC NATURAL HOT BATH: ONE OF THE LARGEST OPEN-AIR HOT MINERAL POOLS IN THE WORLD, WHERE BATHERS CAN SWIM IN COMFORT EVEN IN SUB-ZERO WEATHER—A TYPICAL SCENE AT GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO.

We illustrate here, and on the page opposite, some of the natural wonders of Colorado, as described in a deeply interesting article by Mr. McFall Kerbey, in our famous American contemporary, "The National Geographic Magazine" of Washington, from which we are kindly permitted to reproduce the photographs. "By the time Glenwood Springs is reached," writes Mr. Kerbey, in an account of his tour, "the Colorado has gathered-in numerous mountain-fed forks, and is a sizable stream. Hot springs gush out at Glenwood, and it has been for two generations a Colorado Spa, like Virginia's White Sulphur and New York's

Saratoga." With reference to the particular photograph given above, he goes on to say: "Even in sub-zero weather one may swim in comfort in this pool at Glenwood Springs. It is one of the largest open-air hot mineral pools in the world. Glenwood, with excellent hotel facilities and mineral baths, has been a Colorado Spa since the railways pushed into the Western slope country. More than 250 mineral springs are scattered over the State, many of them hot." The upper photograph shows a geological formation in white sandstone, curiously resembling a jig-saw puzzle.



## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: THE GREAT SNOW CROSS OF COLORADO.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. JACKSON. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.



THE CHRISTIAN SYMBOL FORMED BY SNOW-FILLED RAVINES ON THE FACE OF A MAJESTIC PEAK:  
THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS, AMONG HITHERTO INACCESSIBLE COLORADO RANGES.

This remarkable photograph of a unique work of Nature, representing the sacred symbol of Christianity, is of special interest at Christmas time. Like our illustrations on the opposite page, it is reproduced from "The National Geographic Magazine," where it accompanied the same article describing natural wonders in the State of Colorado. The author's note on this photograph reads as follows: "The Mount of the Holy Cross has been an inspiration to thousands, although it is known chiefly through its photographs. Because of its hitherto inaccessible

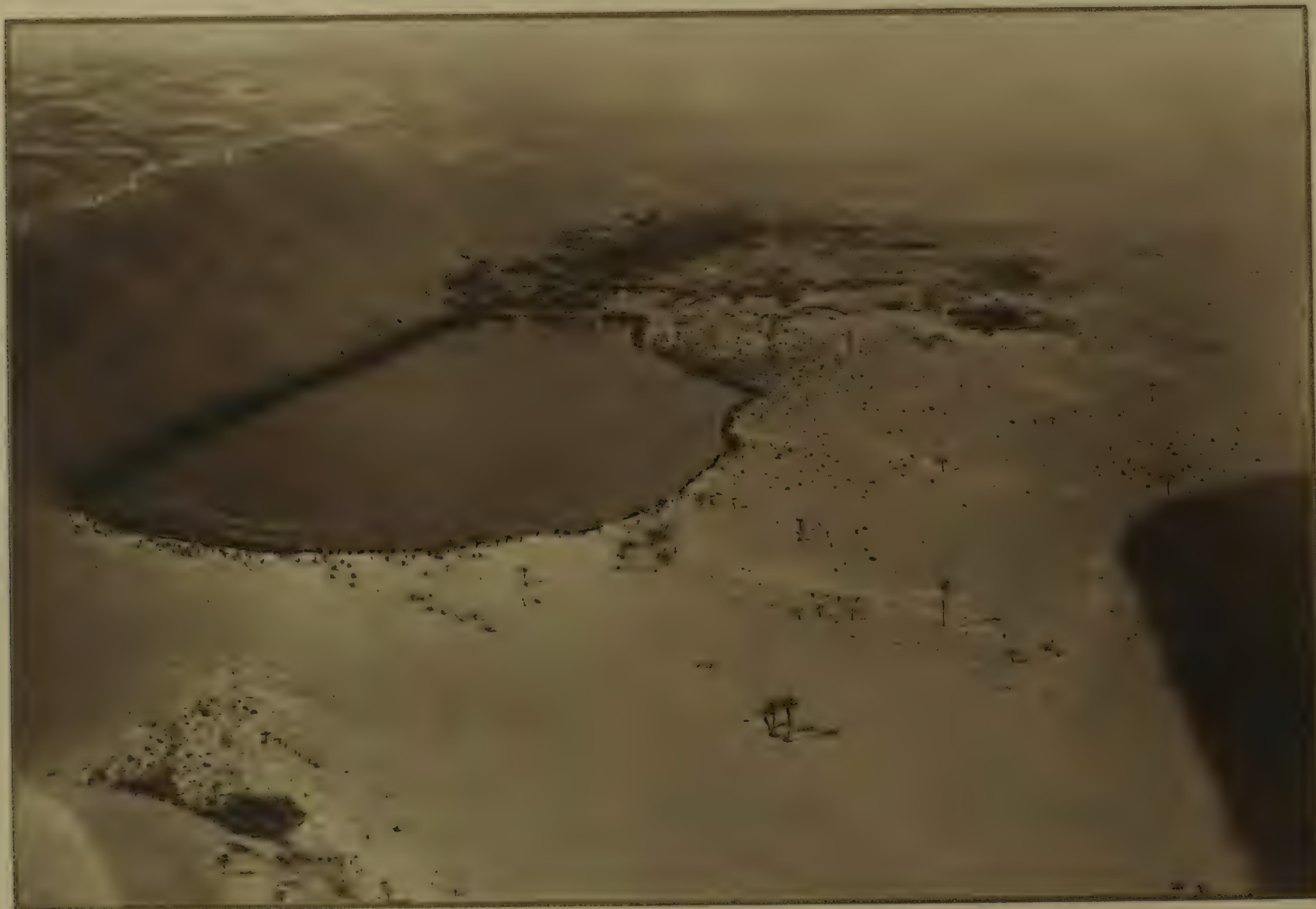
location, probably not one in a thousand of the throngs of visitors to Colorado has seen this noble peak. In 1929 President Hoover instituted the Holy Cross National Monument, embracing the face of the mountain on which the cross appears. A road now being built will make it possible to reach by automobile a vantage-point from which the great snow cross can be viewed. The mountain is supposed to have been given its name by early French fur-traders. The cross is formed by deep ravines filled with snow. The upright is about 2000 ft. long."



## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: "LOST" SALT-LAKES IN THE SAHARA.



AN UNKNOWN OASIS FORMED ROUND A SALT-LAKE—AS SEEN FROM THE AIR AND PHOTOGRAPHED: A ROMANTIC SPOT IN THE HEART OF THE SAHARA.



A SALT-LAKE LYING AT THE FOOT OF A HIGH, SANDY "CLIFF": AN ABANDONED OASIS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR IN LIBYA.

We reproduce here photographs of two "lost" oases which are hidden away romantically in the heart of the Sahara. They are situated in the depression which runs from Sebha and Murzuch to Gat (in the extreme south-east of Italian Libya). This depression, which is, perhaps, 250 miles long, is characterised by numbers of these abandoned oases. They occur wherever brackish water is met with at a short distance below the surface, and small lakes, which frequently dry up in the fierce summer heats, are to be found. These oases were unquestionably inhabited at a not very distant period; some of them

as recently as the end of 1914. After the Italian withdrawal in 1916, however, the whole region from Murzuch to Gat and Gadames came under the domination of a band of brigands, headed by Turkish and Arab adventurers. The population was decimated and retired into the larger oases. Now, for some years, the opposite phenomenon has been observed; the population moving from the inhabited centres outwards, hand in hand with the extension of *Pax Italiana*, good roads, and health organisation. Doubtless the time will come when the two tiny lost Edens of the Sahara, seen here, will again support an exiguous population.





From  
Generation to Generation —  
*Dewar's*





THE MIRACLE OF THE WATER TURNED INTO WINE AT THE WEDDING IN CANA OF GALILEE: STAINED GLASS IN CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

glass from the cathedrals of Chartres and Bourges. But it is now declared that the unique windows of Chartres are intact, while the rumours about those at Bourges have not been confirmed." The rumour was ascribed to an informant who told the police about the affair at Fécamp. It was stated that some of the Fécamp glass had found its way to America, and had eventually been bought, in good faith, by Mr. W. R. Hearst, the famous newspaper proprietor. Directly he heard of the allegations made in France, he ordered the glass to be returned to the French Government. Misgivings likewise arose concerning possible pillage

IN connection with the recent report that certain of the fourteenth-century stained glass windows in the Abbey of Fécamp had been removed by a woman restorer, who, it was alleged, confessed that she had sold the originals to a dealer and replaced them with faked substitutes, there was also a disturbing rumour about Chartres Cathedral, which possesses the finest mediæval glass in the world. "France read with horror," it was stated in a report at the time, "that this fate had also attended



THE CRUCIFIXION: PART OF A WINDOW IN CHARTRES CATHEDRAL, FAMOUS FOR THE UNIQUE SPLENDOR OF ITS ANCIENT STAINED GLASS.



A FIGURE OF AN ANGEL IN ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT STAINED GLASS WINDOWS OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL: DETAIL FROM A SET OF PANELS REPRESENTING THE LIFE OF JESUS.

of glass from the cathedrals of Rouen, Clermont-Ferrand, Albi, Coutances, and Troyes, and the church of Ligny-en-Barrois. We may recall that other examples from the wonderful Chartres windows were reproduced in colour in our issue of November 19, 1932. We then mentioned the recovery of fragments of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century glass at Salisbury, and their restoration to the cathedral there. Quite recently, a further quantity of such fragments was found in the cathedral itself, in a disused glazier's workshop above the Lady Chapel.



THE PATRON SAINT OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS AS REPRESENTED IN THE WINDOWS OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL: AN INCIDENT FROM THE LIFE OF ST. NICHOLAS RECORDED IN MEDIAEVAL STAINED GLASS.



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AS this article is due to appear on the eve of Christmas Eve, I cast about, as usual, for books appropriate to the occasion, and it seemed suitable to include any work bearing on the beliefs to which even infidels owe their annual winter holiday. Such a work is "GREAT CHRISTIANS." Edited by R. S. Forman (Ivor Nicholson; 8s. 6d.), The Archbishop of York, in a benevolent foreword, offers "a cordial welcome to this portrait-gallery—or . . . snapshot-album—setting vividly before us Great Christians of the period immediately before our own." There is a round forty of them (a number with sinister associations!) chosen to be thrown to the "young lions" of our sceptical post-war age, and these studies of their lives form an extremely interesting volume. It would be too much like a catalogue to name them all, but a few of the more generally famous are Lord Acton, Dr. Barnardo, Father Brown (not G. K. C.'s!—but of Calcutta), Josephine Butler, Sir Edward Clarke, Robertson Nicoll, Christina Rossetti, and Sir George Williams, founder of the Y.M.C.A. Each essay is from a different hand, and, as there has been no collaboration, the book is rich in diversity.

Looking through the list of subjects and authors, I found three men with whom I once had some slight acquaintance. The late Bishop of Plymouth (Dr. J. H. B. Masterman), who wrote the memoir of Bishop Gore, was budding into "Donhood" at John's (Cambridge) when I was an undergraduate there, and had taken a brilliant "first" in history. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, founder of the *British Weekly*, who combined religion with business acumen and a great *flair* for books, is portrayed here by a former colleague, Annie S. Swann, the novelist. I met him when I was a junior member of the Bodley Head staff about 1903, and Mr. Lane took me to lunch with him at the Devonshire Club. I remember they discussed the need of a comprehensive history of British publishing. I afterwards wrote for Dr. Nicoll an article on Hawker.

Another name—George Pilkington—recalls an earlier memory. It must have been between 1888 (soon after he left Cambridge) and 1890, when he went out to East Africa as a missionary, that Pilkington, as an Old Boy, visited Uppingham, where Thring, the famous Headmaster, had said of him: "This boy is going to do us credit." One day Pilkington came into my study and talked to me for the good of my spiritual health. I fear his admonitions had no deep effect, for I was at the callow age when most school-boys classify all improving conversation as a "pi-jaw." I remember, however, feeling honoured by his noticing me, and impressed by his robust and genial personality. After going to Uganda, he translated much of the Bible into the Luganda tongue. In 1897 he was killed while acting as interpreter between native troops and British officers, during an expedition against mutinous Nubians. The memoir of Pilkington is by G. K. Baskerville, and I am wondering whether he is related to Mr. Humphrey Baskerville, of Oriel and Cuddesdon, who in 1903 gave me much valuable help for the biography of Hawker, and whose many interesting letters I still keep. My wife, who has her father's turn of humour, used to refer frivolously to the "Hound of the Baskervilles," in allusion to his kindly "sleuthing" on our behalf in quest of *Hawkeriana* among Oxford archives.

Christian ethics rather than the Christian creed actuated the famous philanthropist whose amazing rise from humble origin to enormous wealth is recorded in the "LIFE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE." By Burton J. Hendrick (author of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page"). With twenty-nine illustrations (Heinemann; 25s.). I was uncertain whether to include the book in my Christmas category or to reserve it for treatment along with some works of industrial or engineering interest. My indecision was removed by a curious little coincidence. Picking up the book, I was surprised to find that I had opened it at a chapter on the eminent historian who (alphabetically) heads the list of the aforesaid Great Christians. In Mr. Butler's essay on Lord Acton I see no mention of Andrew Carnegie, but Mr. Hendrick recalls that at a critical period of Lord Acton's life, Carnegie, at the instance of Gladstone, came to his aid, with magnificent and studiously concealed generosity, by purchasing and preserving his great historical library, which was about to be sacrificed to meet his financial needs. "Twelve years passed before even his closest friends learnt of the service Carnegie had rendered to a great scholar in distress." Lord Acton never succeeded in putting into print his immense stores of historical knowledge. "His history, as someone has said, is the greatest book that was never written."

"Carnegie's real monument," writes Mr. Hendrick, "is his will." On his death in 1919 the world was amazed

to learn that he had given away more than ninety per cent of his possessions. His total benefactions are indicated by a snatch of talk in old age with a secretary. "How much did you say I had given away, Poynton?" he would ask. "\$324,657,399," the secretary replied, his gift for figures being precise. "Good Heaven!" Carnegie would answer with a chuckle, "where did I ever get all that money?" Mr. Hendrick has given us a big book on a big subject, but I do not grudge him a single one of his 731 pages. I cannot claim as yet to have read them all "from cover to cover," but I have piously registered an intention to do so when time and opportunity permit, for I find it one of the most arresting biographies I know. Carnegie was much more than the successful iron-master and dynamic amasser of millions. In his letters and dealings with statesmen, and especially in the unpublished address he prepared as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, disclosing his own personal religion, one cannot but recognise a man of great significance.

His munificence was no indiscriminate scattering of largesse, but was based on deep thought and shrewd judgment of men. His vast foundation of libraries had its



A FAMOUS "BEAUTY SPOT" GIVEN TO THE NATION: PART OF DOVEDALE PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY MR. ROBERT MCDUGALL.



NATURE'S LEANING TOWER OF PISA: THE CELEBRATED ILAM ROCK, IN DOVEDALE, ONCE A HAUNT OF IZAAK WALTON; INCLUDED IN THE GIFT. One of the most outstanding gifts to the National Trust is that, recently announced, of two beautiful estates in Dovedale, presented by Mr. Robert McDougall, a Lancashire manufacturer, who has thrice contested the High Peak Division of Derbyshire. The two properties are Hurts Wood (50 acres) and Hall Dale (60 acres). Hurts Wood contains the famous Ilam Rock; while Hall Dale has gigantic limestone terraces known as "The Greek Temple," and the rocks called Shepherd's Abbey and Raven's Tor. The district is rich in bird and plant life and geological interest, and is associated with many famous men, such as Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, Michael Drayton, Dr. Johnson, Rousseau, and Sir Humphry Davy.

root in hatred of war and desire to make reason prevail in international affairs. "Fill the popular mind with accurate information and right principles of thinking, and the job was half-done. Therefore, cultivate the habit of reading in all classes of society." It is seasonable to recall that his "greatest contribution to the cause [of international friendship] was the endowment for International Peace, to which, in the Christmas season of 1910, he transferred \$10,000,000 of United States Steel bonds."

Carnegie was fortunate in his literary friendships. The most interesting are those with two very different men—Matthew Arnold and Mark Twain. It was Carnegie's urging that decided Arnold, in 1883, on his half-projected

lecture tour in the United States which resulted in "Discourses in America." At the first lecture, Arnold was inaudible, but Carnegie persuaded him to take lessons in elocution, thus saving the enterprise from disaster. Mrs. Carnegie, when asked what she thought of the first effort, replied: "Too meenisteerial, Mr. Arnold, too meenisteerial." With Mark Twain Carnegie was on more rollicking terms, and they called each other "St. Mark" and "St. Andrew." Carnegie once described him as "the most original genius of our age and one of the sweetest, noblest men that ever lived."

Allusions to the author of "A Tramp Abroad" occur in a new biography of a great British novelist, who also visited America—namely, "CHARLES DICKENS." His Life and Work. By Stephen Leacock (Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.). I should have expected some prefatory note indicating the particular motive or characteristics of this memoir; whether it is designed for any special audience, or represents original research, or the discovery of new biographical material. On these points the author is silent. He leaves us to infer "the reason why." These remarks apply, of course, only to the biographical side. As a study of the novelist's work, it is a fresh contribution to literary criticism, and has the liveliness and pungency with which Mr. Leacock's readers are familiar. He reveals himself at the outset as a Dickensian idolater. Again in his peroration he bangs the panegyric drum even louder, and incidentally draws comparisons with Shakespeare and Milton which strike me, not indeed as "odious," but slightly ridiculous. I have nothing against Dickens, but it is well, I think, to preserve a sense of proportion.

When Dickens gave readings in America there was no fear of his not making himself heard, like Matthew Arnold. He acted his own characters with dramatic effect. It is surprising, indeed, that with his theatrical capacity he never produced any plays. At one reading in New York at Christmas time (Dec. 23, 1867) there sat in the audience a young man of thirty-two—Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, who had suddenly risen to a literary success (as Mark Twain) almost as remarkable as that of "Boz." The two writers, however, did not meet, and Mr. Leacock maintains that Mark Twain was less interested in Dickens than in his own companion, for beside him sat his future wife, and it was their first evening together. From Dickens, of course, more than any other writer, can be recaptured the spirit of Victorian Christmas.

Last week I skimmed lightly over numerous Christmas gift-books suited mainly to our juniors. Here I offer in brief (till "further notice") a few eleventh-hour suggestions of literary fare for the elder generation—for the politically-minded, "WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE." Vol. II. (Ivor Nicholson; 21s.), and "LORD RIDDELL'S INTIMATE DIARY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE AND AFTER" (Gollancz; 18s.); for the air-minded, "THE ROMANCE OF THE FLYING MAIL." By Harry Harper and Robert Brenard (Routledge; 10s. 6d.); for the zoologist and animal-lover, "IN THE LAND OF THE LION." By Cherry Kearton. New Edition. With eighty-eight photographs (Arrow-smith; 5s.); for the Wykehamist, "WINCHESTER COLLEGE." By Christopher Hawkes. With eighty photographs (*Country Life, Ltd.*; 10s. 6d.); for the lover of France, "THE FACE OF PARIS." The Record of a Century's Changes. By Harold Clunn (Simpkin Marshall; 7s. 6d.), lavishly illustrated with beautiful photographs; for the lover of Italian architecture, "THE CASTLES OF ITALY." By C. T. G. Formilli. With twenty-four colour-plates by the Author (Black; 15s.); for the lover of Italian art, "LEONARDO DA VINCI: THE ARTIST." By Edward MacCurdy. Illustrated (Cape; 10s. 6d.), a book of singular charm and deep erudition about the intellectual giant of the Renaissance; for the reader who just likes to be amused, "ALBERT GOES THROUGH." By J. B. Priestley. Illustrated by Edmund Blampied (Heinemann, 5s.). The artist's drawings are inimitable. Lastly, I would suggest, for any lover of Ireland and Irish character, "THE SMILE AND THE TEAR." By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. Illustrated by E. E. S. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). This book contains a chapter on Lakes and Monsters, affording Irish parallels to the elusive Monster of Loch Ness.

(N.B.—If your friends have already read all these works, you can always fall back on a Book Token.) I might go on for ever "giving agreeable books away" (by proxy) to grateful recipients, but this article is subject to the bounds of time and space. I will therefore wish you all good Christmas reading. "And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!"—C. E. B.



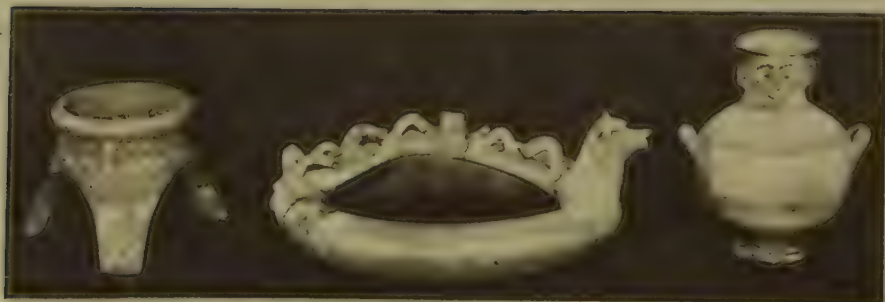


FIG. 1. EVIDENCE OF CYPRUS SNAKE-WORSHIP DERIVED FROM THE BRONZE AGE: A RING-VASE (CENTRE) WITH FIGURES OF SNAKES; AND TWO OTHER CURIOUS VESSELS FROM THE IRON AGE NECROPOLIS OF KALORIZIKI, NEAR CURIUM.

I DESIRE first of all to express my deep gratitude to H.E. the Governor of Cyprus, Sir R. Stubbs, G.C.M.G., President of the Cyprus Museum Committee, for the great interest, sympathy, and valuable support which he has shown towards the researches and archaeological work carried out by the Cyprus Museum in this island. I should also like to express my gratitude to the other members of the Museum Committee, who have greatly helped the efforts of the Museum in a new enterprise. Early in the spring of this year, my attention was drawn to the ancient site of Curium, near the modern village of Episkopi, about ten miles west of Limassol, on the southern coast of Cyprus. Curium, according to ancient tradition, was originally built by the Argives, and at the beginning of historic times was one of the ten kingdoms of Cyprus. Immediately after leaving the village of Episkopi, on the way to Paphos, one is impressed by the magnificent rocky plateau which had once been the acropolis of Curium. The sea protects it on the southern side.

It was in a necropolis which lies east of this acropolis, and had yielded important finds during surreptitious diggings, that I began excavations early in March. The site of the necropolis is named "Kaloriziki," which in modern Greek means "well fated," probably because of the rich harvest in antiquities which must have impressed the villagers' imagination. About the discoveries in this necropolis or cemetery, which dates from the transitional period from the Late Bronze Age to the Early Iron Age—i.e., from about 1000 B.C. to the Archaic period—I shall speak at the end of this article. First I should like to discuss a more important discovery, which forms the main subject of this preliminary report. The plain of Episkopi, the modern village on the site of Curium, is irrigated by a river—or, rather, a torrent—named Kouris, which in winter carries rain-water from Troodos Mountains to the sea. Episkopi is situated on the right bank of the Kouris, while on the left is another village, a small and quiet group of houses, called Erimi, "the deserted." It was here that I discovered, while work was proceeding in the necropolis of "Kaloriziki," an important and extensive Neolithic settlement.

The Neolithic Age in Cyprus has so far been little known; up to now, very few Neolithic sites have been discovered, and these have yielded incomplete evidence. The Swedish Archaeological Expedition, which worked in Cyprus during three years, 1927 to 1930, had explored a Neolithic site near Kythrea, some ten miles east of Nicosia. This and some other small sites yielded a certain amount of material, testifying to the existence of a Stone Age culture in Cyprus, but not in any abundance. Some potsherds of painted and unpainted Neolithic wares were found at Lapithos, on the north coast, but again the settlement was too much damaged for any archaeological work. Now, however, the discovery of the Neolithic settlement at Erimi yields abundant material, throwing much light on the Stone Age in Cyprus, and revealing a long and continuous culture evolving ultimately into a brilliant period marked by a great development in architecture, pottery, and other crafts.

We can thus explain, with the aid of more extensive archaeological evidence, the great outburst of the Early Bronze Age civilisation in Cyprus which has long puzzled archaeologists. This Neolithic material will also help greatly to a right understanding of all succeeding prehistoric periods in Cyprus, and will prove that the artistic tendencies prevailing in the Bronze Age followed, more or less, a very old tradition—that of the Stone Age. Another important element in the study of the Stone Age, as revealed at Erimi, is that which concerns the proportion of local characteristics in the art of the Bronze Age. Cyprus, it will be proved, produced much more creative art of her own than has hitherto been believed, and this discovery will consequently increase her importance as a centre of prehistoric civilisation.

The excavations on the Neolithic site began in April, and were interrupted during June by summer heat; therefore the present report concerns only partial results. A trial digging revealed several culture layers, and this year's work has been devoted to clearing an area of about

40 square metres. At the end of the season we reached a depth of 2 metres, comprising four superimposed layers, each marked by a house. The evidence concerning the evolution of architecture, pottery, and other crafts is extraordinarily complete, and I hope eventually to determine the successive stages in the development of Stone Age culture in Cyprus. I give here a short account of the four superimposed culture-layers studied this year, proceeding from the upper to the lower strata; for, as explained above, we have only reached a part of the whole depth of culture-layers.

**The First Layer.** The first house (Fig. 4) was uncovered at a depth of about 40 centimetres below the surface. It was of a highly developed type, and showed a marked progress in architecture,



FIG. 2. THE INTERIOR OF A TOMB OPENED IN THE IRON AGE NECROPOLIS NEAR CURIUM: A VIEW SHOWING THE BURIAL OF A PREVIOUS OCCUPANT OF THE GRAVE IN A LARGE AMPHORA (RIGHT) WITH THE SKULL COVERING THE MOUTH OF THE VESSEL.

compared with those from the lower layers. The form is that of a circular hut, measuring 6 metres across, with substructural wall built with stones of irregular shape. Probably the upper parts of the walls were built of sun-dried tiles, and the roof, whatever its shape, was made of branches covered with mud, as in some modern Cyprus villages. The entrance was elaborate (Fig. 4), and the interior was divided into different sections to suit domestic needs. Thus I could distinguish a hearth, a place for heavy storage jars, another for grinding grain, and probably one for sleeping. The first layer yielded two milk bowls *in situ* (Fig. 8), and other vases in a fragmentary state (Figs. 7 and 9). This pottery is made of hard baked clay, covered with a white or creamy slip on which the decoration, painted in red, is applied. The shapes are mostly deep bowls with body widening towards the top, or with convex sides, with or without handle, and flat base. We also found a jar (Fig. 6) of very characteristic shape, of ovoid outline, narrow concave neck, and raised, pointed base. Hitherto Cypriot Neolithic pottery has only been known from potsherds, and it is therefore of great importance that now, at Erimi, we have discovered whole vessels showing the complete shapes of Neolithic vases. They will certainly help greatly in studying the origin of Early Bronze Age vases in Cyprus. The first house yielded a good number of stone axe-heads and flint implements (Fig. 10).

**The Second Layer.** The uppermost house just described was built on a second house, apparently destroyed by fire, as evidenced by a layer of carbonised material 30 centimetres thick. This second house was of a much simpler type, but again circular. A hearth and an oval cemented area raised by a few centimetres, probably for sleeping purposes, were the only divisions. But it yielded one of the most interesting finds, a large, deep, painted bowl (Fig. 15), found lying flat and broken on the floor and covered with carbonised earth. This most important specimen is sufficient evidence of the great development of the potter's art in the Neolithic Age. The clay is brown and not well silted, but is covered very carefully with a buff

## THE OLDEST CIVILISATION OF CYPRUS NOW REVEALED:

A NEOLITHIC SETTLEMENT DISCOVERED NEAR LIMASSOL: THE FIRST EXTENSIVE STONE AGE REMAINS FOUND IN THE ISLAND.

By P. DIKAIOS, Curator of the Cyprus Museum and Director of the Excavations. (See Illustrations opposite and on page 1036, numbered according to Author's References.)

slip, on which an elaborate scheme of decoration is applied in a red-brownish colour. This decoration consists of vertical and horizontal bands filled with geometrical and other conventional ornament, while some peculiar ornaments are painted in the interstices.

The evidence concerning the evolution of architecture, pottery, and other crafts is extraordinarily complete, and I hope eventually to determine the successive stages in the development of Stone Age culture in Cyprus. I give here a short account of the four superimposed culture-layers studied this year, proceeding from the upper to the lower strata; for, as explained above, we have only reached a part of the whole depth of culture-layers.

**The Third Layer.** A third house, again of the circular type (Fig. 5), was uncovered, lying partly underneath and partly outside the second. This house was again of a simple type, and in the centre was a raised circular cemented area, 90 centimetres in diameter, sloping towards a round hole with sides covered with clay. This cemented area had a round cavity in the centre, and was probably used for grinding grain, which, when ground, gradually fell into the hole. All the pottery in this house was much broken, but consisted of white, painted pottery and another covered with red-polished slip. From this layer the painted pottery becomes coarser, and the red-slipped and red-polished types occur more often.

### The Fourth Layer.

Lastly, a fourth circular house was uncovered, but this was much damaged. It was lying partly under the third house, but its ruinous condition makes it difficult to judge its architectural construction. The pottery, again, is very fragmentary, and can only be studied by examining potsherds. This fourth house yielded an important fragment of a rhyton-shaped vase (Fig. 14), surmounted by an animal head. The technique of this vase is very interesting, as the upper part is blackened and the lower is covered with red-polished slip. This proves that the Early Bronze Age technique of red-polished bowls with blackened top was known from Neolithic times, a fact shown also by other fragments of similar type.

It will be interesting to follow the evolution of this culture through the deeper strata and obtain a complete idea of its birth and development. It may be impossible to follow the development in architecture in the lower layers, as the houses are found very much damaged, but the stratification and the pottery will be of great documentary value. Thus we shall obtain a complete idea of the origins of Cypriot

culture, which played such an important part in the ancient world. With regard to the date of this Neolithic settlement and the different layers, I prefer not to express any opinion as yet. I think there is no doubt of its being a Neolithic settlement, judging from the finds and from the absolute lack of metal. But to what part of the Neolithic Age it

(Continued opposite.)



FIG. 3. DECORATED WITH A FIGURE OF A LYRE-PLAYER, SUGGESTING THE USE OF SUCH MUSIC IN FUNERAL RITES: AN AMPHORA OF THE IRON AGE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF WHICH IS REPRESENTED A PERSON POURING A LIBATION.

Copyright Photographs by P. Dikaïos.





FIG. 4. NEWLY FOUND RELICS OF NEOLITHIC BUILDING IN CYPRUS: THE NEOLITHIC HOUSE IN THE FIRST (TOPMOST) STRATUM UNCOVERED AT ERIMI, NEAR LIMASSOL.

## THE STONE AGE IN CYPRUS—5500 YEARS AGO : NEWLY FOUND NEOLITHIC HOUSES AND POTTERY.

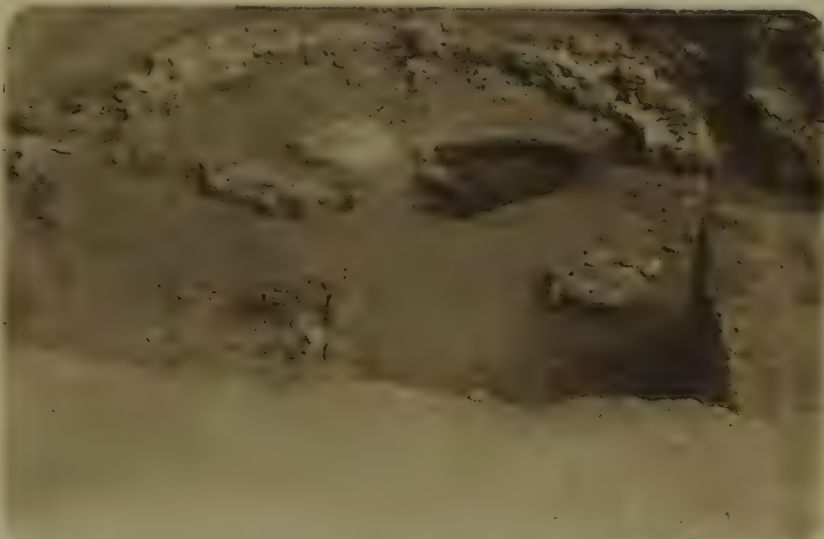


FIG. 5. THE CIRCULAR NEOLITHIC HOUSE IN THE THIRD LAYER OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT ERIMI: A VIEW SHOWING THE CORN-GRINDING PLACE (CENTRE) AND REMAINS OF UPPER HOUSES (EXTREME RIGHT).



FIG. 6. A PAINTED NEOLITHIC PITCHER WITHOUT HANDLES, FROM THE UPPERMOST LAYER OF THE ERIMI EXCAVATIONS: A TYPE WHICH WAS APPARENTLY THE ANCESTOR OF EARLY BRONZE AGE VESSELS.

*Continued.*

belongs is a question to be investigated carefully after examining all the strata. Possibly the topmost layer is not far from the beginning of the Early Bronze Age—i.e., from 3000 B.C.—but again the evidence of the pottery does not corroborate this assumption. For the Early Bronze Age is characterised by the general use of red-polished ware, which could not have been adopted suddenly, but only after a natural evolution from earlier stages—i.e., from the Neolithic Age. But we have seen that in the upper layers of the Neolithic settlement of Erimi painted wares prevail, and a link between these wares of the later Neolithic and the red-polished wares cannot be established definitely. We must therefore assume some other period of transition between the upper Erimi layers and the great flourishing of red-polished wares in the Early Bronze Age. I hope to elucidate this problem by excavating another site which was also discovered this year, on the other side of the River Kouris, and apparently belonging to the Earliest Bronze Age. Returning now to my starting-point, I shall give here a summary report on the tombs opened on the site of "Kalariziki," east of the Acropolis of Curium. As I said at the outset, these tombs belong to the transitional period from the Late Bronze Age to the Iron Age (about 1000 B.C.). This period was represented by a group of tombs, while a second group belonged to an advanced period of the Iron Age. Moreover, some of the tombs



FIG. 7. ONE OF THE PAINTED NEOLITHIC DEEP BOWLS WITH A HANDLE AND FLAT BASE: AN EXAMPLE WITH "CHESSBOARD" PATTERN FROM THE TOP STRATUM OF THE ERIMI EXCAVATIONS.

of the second group had two burial-layers, a lower one of an early period, and an upper one of later date. The upper burial almost reached the Archaic period. The tombs of the first group were cave-shaped rock-cut tombs of square outline, and preceded by a long, narrow *dromos*, which reminds us of the Lapithos tombs (on the north coast) of the same period, and reflects the Mycenaean types of *dromos*.  
*[Continued overleaf.]*



FIG. 8. TWO MILK-BOWLS WHICH HAD STOOD IN THAT POSITION FOR MORE THAN 5500 YEARS: DISCOVERIES IN SITU IN THE FIRST (OR UPPERMOST) LAYER OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT ERIMI.

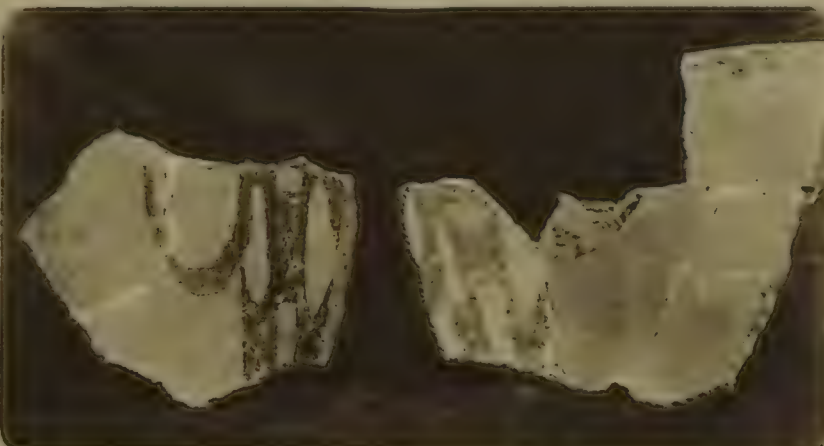


FIG. 9. FRAGMENTS OF NEOLITHIC BOWLS WITH A PECULIAR PAINTED DECORATION ON THE INSIDE, PROBABLY REPRESENTING STYLISED HUMAN FIGURES: SHERDS FROM THE FIRST (UPPERMOST) STRATUM.

In his article on the opposite page, M. Dikaio, the Curator of the Cyprus Museum, describes his discovery of a Neolithic settlement near Limassol, on the southern coast of the island. The above photographs illustrate typical sections of the excavations, with examples of houses and pottery, and are numbered to correspond

with the author's references. As he points out, the discovery is of great importance, because hitherto the known relics of the Neolithic Age in Cyprus have been very scanty, and the abundant material he has now found throws much new light on the origin and development of early Cypriote art and craftsmanship.



## CYPRIOTE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE STONE AGE: IMPLEMENTS, IDOLS, ORNAMENTS, AND VASES.



FIG. 10. NEWLY FOUND RELICS OF THE NEOLITHIC AGE IN CYPRUS: STONE AXE-HEADS OF VARIOUS TYPES, AND SPECIMENS OF FLINT IMPLEMENTS.



FIG. 11. CONTRASTS IN ANCIENT CYPRIOTE CRAFTSMANSHIP: (ABOVE) A GROUP OF STONE IDOLS OF A VERY CRUDE TYPE; (BELOW) STEATITE SPINDLE-WHORLS, ORNAMENTS AND PENDANTS, SOME QUITE ARTISTIC IN QUALITY.



FIG. 12. NEOLITHIC IMPLEMENTS FOUND LYING EXACTLY AS THEY WERE LEFT FIVE TO SIX THOUSAND YEARS AGO: INTERESTING "FINDS" IN SITU, SHOWING A STONE PESTLE IN THE FOREGROUND.



FIG. 13. STAG ANTLERS, WITH A LOWER JAW, FOUND IN A HOUSE IN THE FIRST (TOPMOST) LAYER OF EXCAVATION: EVIDENCE THAT THE NEOLITHIC INHABITANTS OF CYPRUS WERE GIVEN TO HUNTING.

### Continued

Indeed, these tombs contained sub-Mycenæan pottery, and must have belonged to the first Mycenæan settlers in this part of the island. The second group of tombs belonged, as I explained, to a somewhat advanced period. Here pottery of the known Iron Age types was found, although some interesting specimens came to light. For example, there was a vase with figured representations of a lyre-player (Fig. 3) and of a person making libation. As this vase was found in a tomb, we may suppose that the acts represented relate to funeral ceremonies,

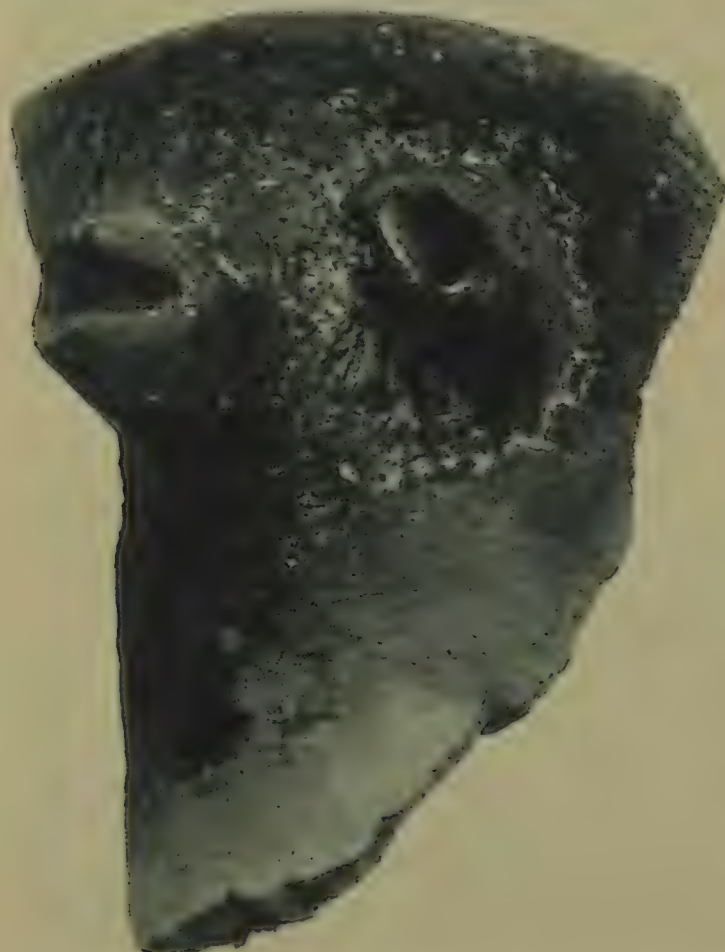


FIG. 14. A RHYTON-SHAPED VASE (FRAGMENTARY) WITH BLACKENED UPPER PART AND RED-POLISHED BELOW, FROM THE 4TH STRATUM: NEOLITHIC WARE MUCH IMITATED IN THE EARLY BRONZE AGE.

in which case this vase is most valuable as a source of information on that subject. Some interesting instances of burials of previous occupants of the tomb in large *amphoræ* (Fig. 2), and of incineration, have also been noticed. The *dromoi* of these tombs differ from the others: they are shorter and pit-shaped, while the floor is covered with numerous stones of irregular shape. An explanation may be that these stones, at the time of the burial, formed a sort of temporary steps, which, after the burial, were pushed down and covered the bottom of the *dromos*.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. DIKAIOS, CURATOR OF THE CYPRUS MUSEUM AND DIRECTOR OF THE EXCAVATIONS NEAR LIMASSOL. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 1034.)



FIG. 15. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL NEOLITHIC VASE DISCOVERED DURING EXCAVATIONS AT ERIMI, IN THE SECOND STRATUM: A REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF THE TYPE OF DEEP BOWLS WITH FLAT BASE.

These illustrations, like those on the preceding page, relate to the important discovery of a Neolithic settlement in Cyprus, as described on page 1034 by M. Dikaïos, Curator of the Cyprus Museum, who conducted the excavations. The photographs are numbered to correspond with his references to the various objects.

Here we see examples of Cypriote art and craftsmanship in the Later Stone Age, which provide new links of influence with the subsequent Age of Bronze. The Neolithic vase in Fig. 15 is described as the most beautiful found on the site. M. Dikaïos emphasises the fact that the excavations are still incomplete,



# THE PRINCE ON SOCIAL SERVICE IN YORKSHIRE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S TOUR AMONG THE UNEMPLOYED.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR OF SOCIAL SERVICE: WATCHING UNEMPLOYED AT PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE LONDESBOROUGH DRILL HALL AT HULL.



THE PRINCE'S INSPECTION OF THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS AT CATTERICK CAMP: A VISIT TO THE MARRIED MEN'S QUARTERS.



H.R.H. AT THE PAINTED FABRICS FAIR, AT THE CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD; WITH CAPTAIN L. T. SCOTT, AND THE LORD MAYOR OF SHEFFIELD (RIGHT).

The Prince of Wales arrived at Hull on December 13 to begin his three-day visit to centres for the unemployed in various parts of Yorkshire. His Royal Highness conducted the tour in his capacity as Patron of the National Council of Social Service. He stayed at Harewood House, as the guest of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood. On the first day of the tour he spent a busy morning in Hull, and later visited Beverley, York, Otley, and Shipley. The second day, December 14, was devoted to the older mining areas of the West



THE NEW TOWN HALL AT BARNSELY, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS YORKSHIRE TOUR OF SOCIAL SERVICE: A HANDSOME BUILDING OF PORTLAND STONE.



THE PRINCE AT BAGHILL HOUSE, PONTEFRAC: H.R.H. WATCHING WORK AT A LARGE COUNTRY RESIDENCE WHICH IS BEING ENTIRELY RECONDITIONED BY UNEMPLOYED.

Riding—for instance, Pontefract, Hemsworth, Featherstone, and Barnsley—and to the towns of Rotherham and Sheffield. On the third day the Prince, accompanied by the Earl of Harewood, visited centres for the unemployed at Penistone, Bradford, Morley, Huddersfield, Wakefield, and Leeds. In a speech at Barnsley, his Royal Highness expressed again his interest in the social service work with which he has so prominently identified himself. On December 16 he inspected the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Scots Fusiliers, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## ELISABETH BERGNER.

THOSE among the audience who knew her work—above all, her magnificent, pathetic St. Joan, a creation that electrified all Germany—were confident that the expected would happen; the majority, who had only heard of her fame or seen her on the screen at the Academy in her exquisite portrayal in "Dreaming Mouth," eagerly anticipated whether the reality would ascend to the echo and the effigy. No sooner did she break into the desultory story of Miss Margaret Kennedy's play, "Escape Me Never," than she, figuratively, hypnotised the overflowing house. Accused of theft, the little nomad Gemma Jones rushed in in wild frenzy, with dishevelled hair, fright agitating her frail body, her eyes betraying the anguish of a hunted soul, and at once held us in her grip. It was the indescribable manifestation of genius. Henceforward she was the central figure, and no mistake. All around her—and some of them acted well enough—became subservient to this little person, so girlish, so apparently unsophisticated, yet so overflowing with human passion. Here was the perfection of technical equipment hiding every *soupeçon* of artifice, because the actress had become entirely one with the character; because what she felt she made us feel; because whatever she did was not of the stage stagey, but of life lifelike.

Nature has given Elisabeth Bergner more than looks and personality. She has endowed her with that peculiar, almost unique gift of elevating make-believe to flawless veracity. She smiles not only with lips and eyes; she smiles with all her being. When she sheds tears of tenderness over her baby, when she mourns the loss of that cherished love-child, her feelings seem all the more intense because they are so painfully restrained. When she kisses and makes up after violent quarrels with her wayward lover, who is not in her heart but in her blood, we feel that her seething passion, as it were, envelops her soul in furious flames. Yet she never exaggerates. She plays

*bon chien chasse de race* and her Jewish blood, combined with her specifically Austrian charm—so seductive to eye and ear—is irresistible. But, when all is said, we, after this first acquaintance in a part that lives only by her inspiring animation, have yet to know the real Elisabeth Bergner. She is not only a great *comédienne*; she has the soul of tragedy in her. Not until we have seen her as

American slickness and works in an American idiom, piling situation on situation till the last act has the problem of releasing the hero and heroine from a seemingly hopeless fix. We see how neatly and logically the action is contrived, and we appreciate the resource with which the solution is reached. That is the sum of our entertainment. It has no other value than the purely theatrical.

Such an entertainment relies on its cleverness, and that it proves acceptable is its justification.

But in Melchior Lengyel's "Angel," at the Vaudeville, this factor of cleverness defeats the play, because here we are in the realm of creation, with credible characters to enlist our sympathies and a story that has a deeper meaning than mere narrative. The author, unfortunately too conscious of his theatre, too ready to seize every stage opportunity, has thwarted the natural development of his play, and so cramped his destinies till their fate is not the inevitable consequence of their action, but commanded by the



"ON THE ROCKS," THE NEW BERNARD SHAW PLAY AT THE WINTER GARDEN: A TENSE MOMENT AT 10, DOWNING STREET.

The characters seen here (left to right) are: Mr. Hipney, the philosophical Labour Leader (Edward Rigby); the Mayor of the Isle of Cats, who is heading a deputation to the Prime Minister (Charles Sewell); Aloysia Brollikins (Ellen Pollock); Viscount Barking, a Socialist peer (Emerton Court); Alderman Blee (George E. Bancroft); and the Prime Minister, Sir Arthur Chavender (Nicholas Hannen).

St. Joan, as Juliet, as heroine of all the great plays that built and perpetuate her record on the stages of Berlin and Vienna, shall we realise how precious a conquest Mr. C. B. Cochran has made for our stage. For she has come to stay; she has vowed henceforth to play in English and in English alone. She has come, has but seen, and has conquered with one overwhelming scoop. But her conquest will not be completed until she is allowed to grace a part with all the wealth of temperament that is in her, a part that is worthy of her repute as one of the greatest actresses of our time since the days of Bernhardt, Réjane, and Duse.

## "TOO CLEVER BY HALF."

The expression "too clever by half" embodies a measure of appreciation together with a greater measure of criticism. The play that is disposed of in this generalisation at least escapes the gibe of dullness or stupidity. Indeed, we feel that in such a piece the cleverness so obtrudes itself that it kills illumination. For illumination springs from depths of insight and vision that imagination

gives; but cleverness is too conscious, too controlling, too aware of the effect it achieves. It has nothing of spontaneity, and is disquietingly close to the trick. Such cleverness has its place in such a gangster fiction as "Whistling in the Dark," at the Comedy, for we are only concerned with the exploitation of an idea; and in this play it is a particularly good idea. Yet, apart from the ingenuities that are devised, establishing an interest akin to that we enjoy in a cross-word puzzle, there is little to keep us above the level of tedium. It has a praiseworthy simplicity of plot and a certain liveliness in its treatment; but the author's puppets have no choice in the dance they perform. The strings are pulled and they behave accordingly, governed by one purpose—to spin the woof. The play has an

playwright. A tragic issue is forcibly narrowed into a puzzling game of identities, and surprise, instead of creating tension, only disturbs it. The frivolous, light-hearted Angel is condemned to pretence when all the logic of facts demands the truth. Such device offers Miss Mary Newcomb brilliant opportunities, which she takes with brilliant success; but all this virtuosity, excellent though it be as theatrical display, is at the expense of essential character. Husband, lover, and wife thus lose that convincing power that belongs to them, because the emotions they arouse are scattered in lesser ingenuities of needless and fruitless complication. Mr. Lengyel is a serious playwright, and is concerned with a serious theme; but, in spite of the bright texture of the writing and the fine craftsmanship, the play is unsatisfying. Though it offers scope for individual performance and constructs its plot with sure mastery, it lacks that singleness and simplicity which would allow emotion to overwhelm its characters. Elaboration and theatrical effect may serve to spin a tale of matrimonial adventure with no other end than lively entertainment, but when conscious cleverness is so assertive, the underlying seriousness and significance lead nowhere; for, instead of sharing in the play's movement, we are only dazzled by it.

It is cleverness that essentially characterises Mr. Aldous Huxley's "The World of Light," at the Playhouse; only here the realm of fantastic generalisations admits it. The portraits, though sympathetically and acutely drawn, are objective studies with no vitality apart from the story. This story is used as a springboard for speculations, bold, interesting, and often sinister. It is the sphere of satire where intellect strikes the flints into swift flashes, stimulating by their fitful gleams. The weakness belongs in part to the very nature of the theme and to the stage device in expressing it. Psychic forces cannot be displayed in a darkened theatre without disquieting and disturbing effects. The demonstration of a séance is theatrically ineffective, and breaks the spell which the dialogue has established. The pungency of the comments, the caustic wit, and the glowing passages of tenderness are fascinating in their clever contrasts. But realism and fantasy are welded too closely to afford other pleasure than spasmodic amusement.



"ESCAPE ME NEVER!" THE NEW PLAY BY MARGARET KENNEDY AT THE APOLLO THEATRE: ELISABETH BERGNER AS GEMMA JONES.

In "Escape Me Never!" two members of the Sanger family are introduced, and one of them, Sebastian, now a struggling composer, has married Gemma Jones. This pathetic little waif refuses to leave him, and puts up with both brutality and unfaithfulness. The scene in which her child dies gives Elisabeth Bergner the opportunity to display her very real powers as a tragic actress.

the clavier of emotions as a great virtuoso plays his instrument. Her feelings dominate us because they well up from within. It marks the difference between dramatic and melodramatic acting. We believe in her joy, her anguish, her jealousy, because they are not expressed in lurid colours. She mirrors herself in her observations of life, and thus she conveys to us the reflex of truth. Nor does she, despite her Viennese descent, betray the foreigner in our midst. The inflections ordained by the part of this half-English, half-Continental young woman add to the charm of her diction. She speaks the English of one who has long lived abroad. It is not acquired by parrot-methods; it has the *natural* of our English language; it flows and ripples; there is no suspicion of a *tour de force*. This assimilation is unique in a foreigner. Compare it with Werner Krauss's enunciation and the difference is glaring.

Thus Elisabeth Bergner fits an English *ensemble* like the proverbial glove, although, by her boundless inspiration, the almost hypnotic force of her genius, the suave spell of her personality, she is bound to overshadow her fellow-players, because



"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME," AT THE QUEEN'S: LIZA KINGDOM (LEFT); MARGARET RAWLINGS) AND LADY JANE KINGDOM (MARIE TEMPEST) AT A DRAMATIC MOMENT.

The London first-night was fixed for December 21. Lady Jane Kingdom and Professor Kingdom are a good-humoured old couple who, though living quietly in the country, have sufficient humour to understand the vagaries of youth.



# THE GREAT GALE ON THE EAST COAST: SHIPPING DISASTERS AND BATTERED SEA WALLS.



A GALLANT RESCUE AT CROMER: THE BARGE "SEPOY" IN DISTRESS—A ROCKET BEING SENT FROM THE SHORE, AND A LIFEBOAT BEING LAUNCHED.



THE SEA FRONT AT HYTHE, KENT, WHERE THE EASTERLY GALE AND HIGH TIDES MADE A SERIOUS BREACH: THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE ON DECEMBER 17.



THE "CULMORE," LOST IN THE GALE OFF THE SUFFOLK COAST WITH ALL HANDS: THE VESSEL FOR WHICH THE ALDEBURGH LIFEBOAT SEARCHED IN VAIN.



THE STEAMER "BROOMFLEET," LOST OFF THE EAST COAST WITH HER CREW OF THIRTEEN: A VESSEL WHICH WAS CARRYING A CARGO OF COAL FROM GOOLE TO IPSWICH.



FRENCH LIGHTSHIP WHICH DRIFTED FROM GRAVELINES TO CALAIS, WHERE IT RAN AGROUND, WITH FOUR LIVES LOST: THE WRECKAGE OF THE "DYCK."



THE SEA FRONT AT ST. MARGARET'S BAY, NEAR DOVER, WRECKED BY THE GALE: THE COLLAPSE OF A MASSIVE CONCRETE SEA WALL THROUGH THE VIOLENCE OF WIND AND SEA.

The great easterly gale off the coast from Norfolk to Kent which raged during the week ending December 16 resulted in the loss of two British steamers, the "Culmore" and the "Broomfleet," with the death of all hands, and in a long toll of damage to other vessels and to the sea front at several places. The "Culmore," of Londonderry (469 tons), owned by W. A. Wilson, Southampton, went down off the coast of Suffolk on December 13, while on a voyage from Blyth to Strood, Rochester, with coal. Although the Aldeburgh lifeboat was less than an hour in

getting to the spot where she was last seen, no trace of her could be found, and the crew of twelve was lost. The "Broomfleet" must also have foundered in the storm, since nothing was heard of her after she left Goole, and the bodies of several of the crew of thirteen were later washed ashore. At Hythe and at St. Margaret's Bay (where a big fall of cliff occurred recently), extensive damage was done to the sea defences. Much of Hythe is below sea level, and the crumbling of the sea wall, the only protection, aroused the utmost anxiety.



# DESTROYERS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MAN-KILLERS I HAVE KNOWN": By A. J. SIGGINS.\*

(PUBLISHED BY WRIGHT AND BROWN.)

MR. SIGGINS has, for a considerable period of his life, approached close to the Heart of Darkness, and can say with conviction: "My love is black but comely." Rhodesia of the pioneer days he knew well, but Portuguese Africa is the scene of most of the adventures of this volume. Peace and quiet, ease and comfort, are, the author tells us, the last things he has ever desired; and he has carried out his philosophy of action in a remarkable variety of activities. He has been game hunter and trapper, fisher of bêche-de-mer, planter, trader, builder, explorer, and an agent for the process politely known in Africa as "recruiting" native labour for the mines. He has quelled mutinies and wandered unharmed in cannibal countries; he has been in the thick of tribal fights and encounters between natives and "civilised" authority; he is steeped in the lore, the conventions, and even the superstitions of the bush, and has a high respect for them. He has successfully defied man's innumerable enemies in the jungle, and, on the whole, regards them as less formidable than those which threaten the urban dweller in modern civilisation. "I had blackwater five times" (it very nearly killed him once) "and many hundred attacks of malaria, as well as wounds and broken bones, but there was a fascination about the life that held me to it. I wandered alone, except for native servants and hunters, and almost forgot my native language. . . . My real pal was Ol' Man, my fox-terrier, and I never felt the need of another. . . . No man ever had a better or truer pal." As for beasts of prey, Mr. Siggins has had ample opportunities of studying them at close quarters—closer, indeed, than even he would have desired on certain occasions. "I have been charged by elephant, buffalo, lions, leopards, rhino—once at ten paces—

hippos, which are not the easiest to handle by any means, and even by small antelopes—a bush-buck ram can inflict a nasty wound. I have also been charged by cattle; bad horses, zebras, while trying to catch them, sable and roan have ripped at me on foot and while mounted, as well as white and coloured gentlemen, bent upon my destruction." In spite of these unusual opportunities for amusement, Mr. Siggins adds the surprising confession: "I can affirm that I never really enjoyed it at any time." The urban dweller, living perpetually among charging herds of motor-vehicles, will regard with astonishment this insensibility to thrill.

And yet, despite its lack of excitements, Mr. Siggins enjoyed the bush, and would choose it as his dwelling-place above all others. "Darkest Africa, in my experience, is just a little ahead of the civilised world in matters of humanity, faith, and the practice of religion, and it is overflowing with the milk of human kindness in comparison with the great cities of the world, where the real man-killing beasts live and practise their calling. . . . I have known some fine men and women amongst the pioneer Europeans, but, take them all in all, as regards living their faith, hospitality and what we call a Christian spirit, the

Europeans are a long way behind the old-time native and, if there is a Hereafter where one can choose one's residence, I should want to be amongst the natives and the European pioneers I knew in Africa, living under the same conditions as I knew then."

In order to attain this frame of mind, one must become cheerfully tolerant of the numerous man-killers (other than human) with which this volume is principally concerned. In point of steady scoring, season after season, the crocodile probably is without rival. His "gently smiling jaws" are ever open to welcome in not only little fishes, but a distressingly large number of incautious human beings. "The aggregate of deaths by crocodiles within the past century must run into several hundred thousand throughout the continent." Everywhere in the country which Mr.

Siggins traversed these nightmare creatures proliferated; for example, at Lake Bilibizi, "the surface was studded with the black points of eyes and noses, and it is no exaggeration to say that there was at least one croc. for every ten square yards of its surface."

Mr. Siggins owes the saurian a particular grudge, for to him, ever watchful and voracious, fell Ol' Man, the gallant little dog who has been described in another volume.

The crocodile is a cad and a sneak—and a horror; the lion has better manners, but he can be very aggressive

knife—he showed it to me, a great ten-inch native-made thing—into the throat of the lion. Finally he killed it, and sent in for medicine for his wounds." We trust his veracity was equal to his audacity.

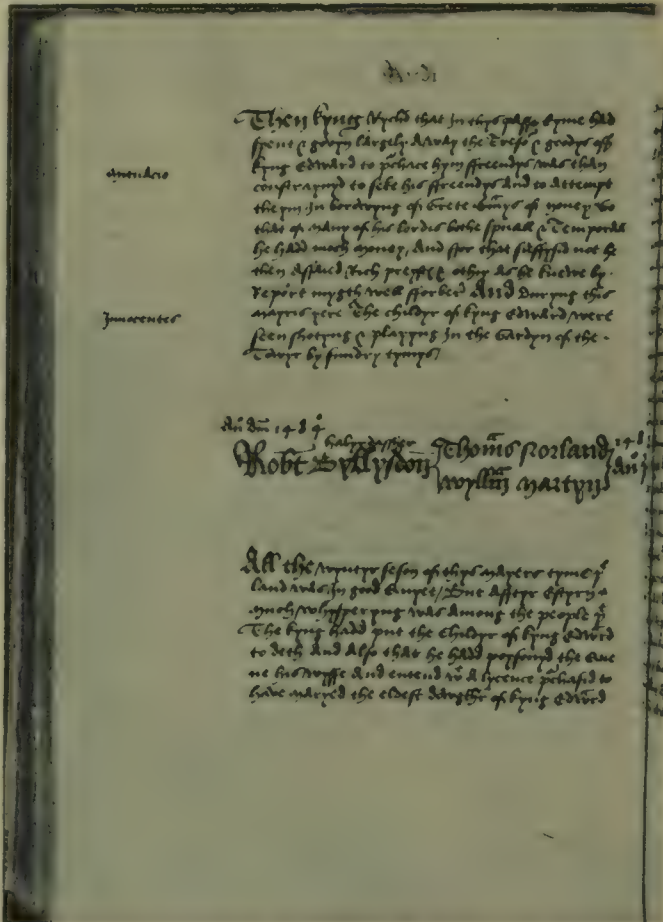
The hippopotamus—also familiar in this hunter's experience—is an ill-tempered brute; but of all the killers of Africa, the most fierce, cunning, and intractable (with the exception of man) is the leopard. Alone among felines he seems to take his toll of humanity for the mere wicked sport of the thing. "The leopards come down from their lairs in the kopjes, skirting the village stealthily, seeing and smelling, but unseen. One will lie for hours awaiting a victim. Sometimes by a beaten path in the grass, which other natives have used when retiring from the dance for a minute, or a short cut through a patch of grass to their huts. They know, by instinct and training and their sense of smell, where the natives sleep or move at night, and seldom make a mistake. Few of the victims are eaten, often the killer has not even time to drink the warm blood for which he craves. A leopard that has killed and tasted this goes mad with lust, and rushes away to seek another draught. Then he grows more daring, and many have been speared or shot when making a second attempt, as they display an utter recklessness." Mr. Siggins paints vivid scenes of the terror among the natives when, in the midst of their ceremonial dances, the warning cry "Havarra!" is raised, and another victim falls in the darkness to the terrible throat-gashing claws. The author calculates that in one district alone 700 villagers were killed by leopards in four years; and he adds a picturesque touch of gruesome drama in the figure of a sadistic chieftain who revelled in and encouraged this slaughter, for tortuous reasons of his own.

Not alone the great beasts of the jungle devastate mankind; there are many smaller and more insidious enemies. No creature can compare with the mosquito for human wastage, and it is the most difficult of all to

combat. There is the inexorable "jigger," which enters unseen beneath the skin and works horrible mischief. Snakes Mr. Siggins regards as commonplace and negligible, and scorpions he holds in contempt, except that he once found it disturbing to camp among a colony of them. In the open waters are sharks (to our thinking, the most horrific killers of all) and barracoutas, which can inflict a savage bite; and a strange, unexpected kind of assassin is the giant clam (*N'yeta*), which entraps the leg or arm of an incautious diver and holds him in a death-grip. Perhaps most awe-inspiring of all in its rage is the wounded elephant—as all hunters know, and as Mr. Siggins had special cause to know when his faithful servant Amadi was crushed to a pulp beneath a dying elephant's knees. Killer-man, demented with a kind of homicidal ecstasy no less frenetic than the leopard's, also exists in these untrodden parts of Africa, and more than once

Mr. Siggins had to do battle with him. The wilderness may be, as this writer claims, paradise enow, and the destroyers may be less formidable in the wilds than in the cities of men; but, on the whole, having read Mr. Siggins's lively account of man-killers of many different species, we are content to face the perils of civilisation.

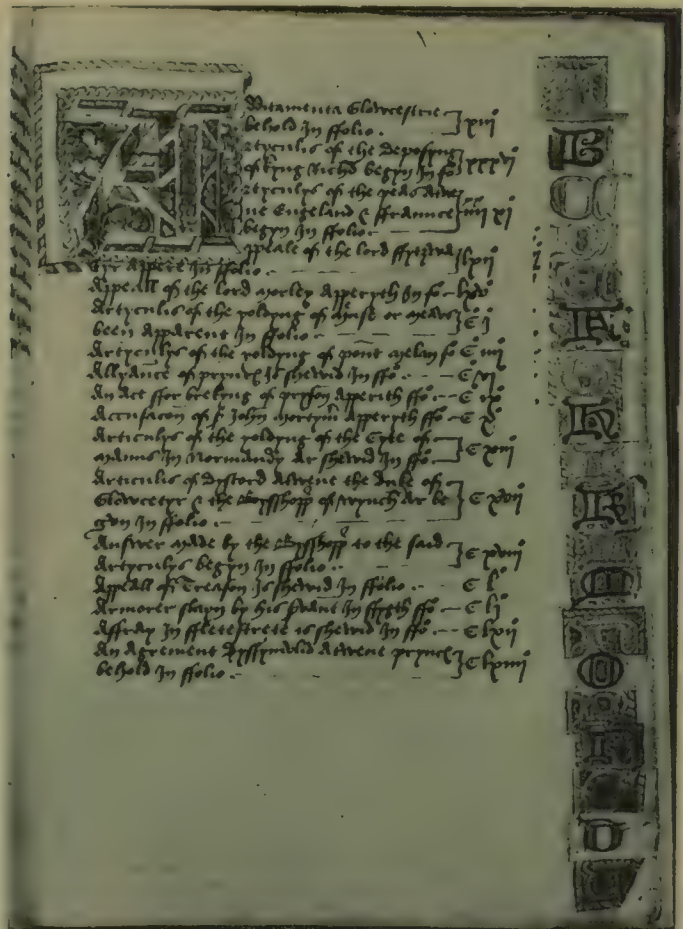
C. K. A.



ALLUSIONS TO RICHARD III. AND THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG PRINCES FOUND IN THE "GREAT CHRONICLE OF LONDON": PASSAGES IN THE FINEST-KNOWN MANUSCRIPT OF ITS KIND, WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY BY LORD WAKEFIELD.

Part of the above passage, beginning near the end of the ninth line from the top, and continuing below the signatures, reads: "And during this mayres (Sir Edmand Shaa) yere the childyr of King Edward were seen shotyng and playyng in the Gardyn of the Towyr by sundry tymys. . . . All the wyntyr seson . . . ye land was yn good quyet. But aftyr Estyr much whysperyng was among the people that the Kyng hadd put the childyr of King Edward to deth." A later passage, not given here, goes on: "But of their dethis maner was many oppynyons, for some said they were murdered betwene ii fethyr beddis; some said they were drawnyd in malvesy; and some said that they were stykked wyth a venymous pocion. . . . Of which cruell dede sir Jamys Tyrell was reported to be the doer; but others put that wygth upon an old servaunt of Kyng Rycharde."

when hungry, or when too old and toothless to attempt a more difficult quarry than man. Mr. Siggins relates more adventures with lions than can find a place here, but "special mention" is deserved by the native who, like Hercules, contended with a lion single-handed. "He said that a big male lion had sprung on him one evening while he was squatting outside his hut. He bent down and using his arms threw the lion over his shoulder, falling on it with his left arm in its mouth and holding the throat with his right, tried to choke it. His wife, a stout helpmate, came running up and hit the lion's head every time it appeared with her pounding pole—a stout pole five feet long and as thick as one's wrist. After struggling for some time she ran for her husband's long knife and an axe. Slipping the former into his hand, she watched for a chance to hit the lion anywhere with the axe, while the man thrust the



THE "GREAT CHRONICLE OF LONDON" INDEXED ON THE MARGINAL ALPHABET PRINCIPLE: THE FIRST OF TWENTY-SIX INDEX PAGES, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFULLY ILLUMINATED CAPITAL LETTERS.

The "Great Chronicle of London" is a manuscript of priceless value, with beautifully illuminated index capitals, which belonged to Robert Fabyan, Alderman and Sheriff in 1403. After an obscure history, during which it was twice rescued from country-house fires (in 1706 and 1899), it was sold at Sotheby's in 1903. It has never been printed or edited. Its high importance was discovered, just before the war, by the late Mr. C. L. Kingsford. Recently, it was saved for this country by Lord Wakefield, who has presented it to the Guildhall Library. The City Corporation accorded him a special vote of thanks for his "princely gift." The Chronicle is unrivalled for its account of the Yorkist period, especially the reign and character of Richard III. The passage we reproduce in facsimile about the Princes in the Tower may be read in relation to the Canterbury window illustrated on the opposite page.

Reproductions by Permission of the Library Committee of the Corporation of London.

\* "Man-Killers I Have Known." By A. J. Siggins, Author of "Shooting with Rifle and Camera," "Ol' Man," etc. Illustrated. (Wright and Brown; 15s. net.)



# THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER: CANTERBURY'S ROYAL WINDOW PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE FRIENDS OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



SISTERS OF THE MURDERED PRINCES: (LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCESSES ELIZABETH (ELDEST DAUGHTER OF EDWARD IV.), CECILIA, AND ANNA.



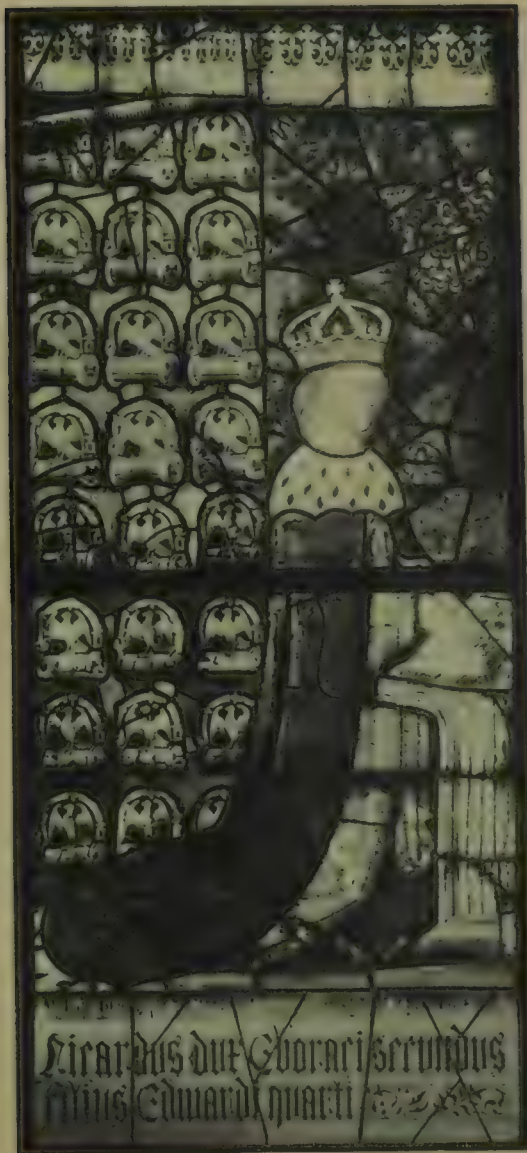
FATHER OF THE MURDERED PRINCES: EDWARD IV. PORTRAYED IN THE ROYAL WINDOW IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL PRESENTED BY HIM IN 1481.



MOTHER OF THE MURDERED PRINCES: ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, QUEEN OF EDWARD IV., AS PORTRAYED IN THE ROYAL WINDOW AT CANTERBURY.



SISTERS OF THE MURDERED PRINCES: (LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCESSES KATHARINA AND MARIA, DAUGHTERS OF EDWARD IV. AND ELIZABETH WOODVILLE.



THE YOUNGER OF THE MURDERED PRINCES: RICHARD DUKE OF YORK, SECOND SON OF EDWARD IV., AS PORTRAYED IN THE ROYAL WINDOW, WEARING AN ARCHED CROWN.



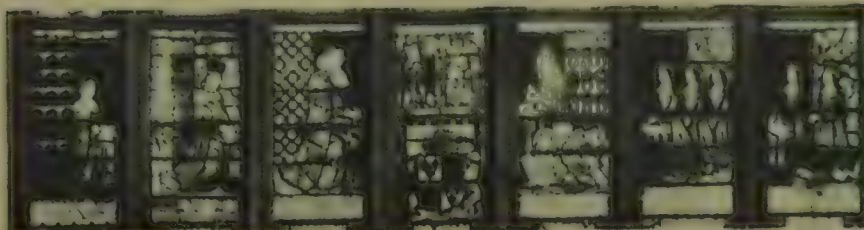
THE POSITION OF THE WINDOW IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE NORTH TRANSEPT, SHOWING IT IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WITH THE ROW OF PORTRAITS ACROSS IT NEAR THE CENTRE.

uncrowned King of England and his brother have knelt in beautiful fifteenth-century glass of the Royal Window in Canterbury Cathedral. This great north transept window was the gift of Edward IV. It is now generally recognised that the figures of the royal donor, Elizabeth Woodville, (his Queen), the two Princes, and five Princesses

(Continued on right.)



THE ELDER OF THE MURDERED PRINCES: EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES (EDWARD V.), ELDER SON OF EDWARD IV., PORTRAYED IN THE WINDOW WEARING AN ARCHED CROWN.



THE ORDER OF THE PORTRAIT PANELS IN THE ROYAL WINDOW: (L. TO R.) 1. RICHARD DUKE OF YORK. 2. EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES. 3. EDWARD IV. 4. A COAT-OF-ARMS. 5. QUEEN ELIZABETH, WIFE OF EDWARD IV. 6. PRINCESSES ELIZABETH, CECILIA, AND ANNA; AND 7, PRINCESSES KATHARINA AND MARIA.

AS recorded in our issue of December 9, the memorial urn in Westminster Abbey to the two Princes murdered in the Tower was recently opened, and the bones scientifically examined, with results affording evidence of age tending to prove the guilt of Richard III. The disclosure caused much interesting discussion. Miss M. A. Babington, Hon. Steward to the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral, wrote in the "Times": "During 452 years the only contemporary figures of the

(Continued above in centre.)

were the work of John Prudde, the King's glazier." One writer suggested that the portraits were not "contemporary," as the arched crown (worn by the Princes) first appeared on coins of Henry VII. Another adduced evidence of its earlier use, and his view was confirmed by Mr. Bernard Rackham, Keeper of Ceramics, Victoria and Albert Museum, who mentioned that Edward IV. gave the window in memory of the wedding of Edward I. to Margaret of France.



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE Free State Government in Ireland are suggesting a uniform tax not exceeding the 16-h.p. rate for all cars assembled in its borders. There

seems also a feeling in England that higher horse-powers should have some relief on their present h.p. tax of £1 per horse-power. Unfortunately, neither motorists nor British motor manufacturers are unanimous on this subject. In fact, Mr. Pomeroy, the leading automobile designer in England, on his recent return from visiting U.S.A. motor factories, publicly stated that the horse-power tax had saved England from being flooded with

cheap U.S.A. cars, as that Government was faced with their automobile industry down 50 per cent in production, and would do anything in the way of cheap freights, etc., to help the U.S.A. motor manufacturer increase his export business and so help his home sales. So while, on one hand, some say England loses her chances in the car-export business by building too low-rated cars for overseas, others take the view that our British export business has steadily increased in all the depression period and

continues to improve, so why bother about alteration of present h.p. taxing methods.

Oxford can claim to have established a record as the first city to have a legal speed limit of 30 miles an hour in some of its streets authorised by the Minister of Transport since the Road Traffic Act became law. But I do not think its precedent will be followed by further authorisation of speed limits by the Ministry. So far, the official Report on Accidents has revealed that high speed, at any rate, is seldom the cause of present-day crashes. Dealing with the causes of fatal accidents on the roads, the tables show that, of 1227 private cars involved, only 544 were exceeding the 20 m.p.h. limit at the time of the accident, and only 32 were travelling at a speed exceeding 40 miles per hour. Actually no fewer than 434 cars were travelling at under 20 miles an hour, and 130 at under 10 miles an hour.

An analysis of responsibility for fatal road accidents during the first six months of this year in a total of 2825 shows that 1664 pedestrians were to blame, 1367 mechanically-propelled vehicle (including motorcycle) drivers, and 504 pedal-cyclists. But, bad as these figures appear to be, there is some comfort in knowing that, in actual fact, motorists are becoming more careful, and, with further propaganda, pedestrians will be also more road-minded.

Ever since Rigolli, driving a Gobron-Brillé with opposed cylinders, created the first officially timed speed of 100 miles an hour, on July 21, 1904, there has been a desire to create a land-speed record of 300 miles an hour. At present Sir Malcolm Campbell holds the Wakefield Trophy and its accompanying £1000 per annum for the highest speed yet attained over a kilometre and a mile of 272.46 miles an hour, which is 1.23 sec. too slow. If a new streamlined body is fitted to the present "Blue Bird," Sir Malcolm hopes to improve his time by that 1.23 sec. over the mile, and thus attain the coveted 300 miles an hour record, if he goes to Daytona in February.

Road trials appear to be retaining the affection of our present generation of sporting motorists, as they did their seniors before the Great War. The twenty-third London to Gloucester trial, organised

(Continued on page 1046.)



THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE FIRESTONE TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY: MR. WILLIAM E. DUCK.

It is announced that Mr. Duck, who has been managing director of the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Company for the last twelve years, has been elected Chairman of the Board of Directors. The Firestone factory, which is ultra-modern, is a familiar landmark on the Great West Road near London; and it is of interest to note that during the last few years increasing business has necessitated various extensions, while another is now in progress.



A CAR OF MUCH MERIT: THE RILEY 12-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER "MENTONE" SALOON.



*Father Christmas  
brightens  
Father's Christmas!*

**CRAWFORDS**  
— LIQUEUR —  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**



SPECIAL RESERVE  
Scotland's Choicest  
Standard Blend



PACKED IN THREE AND SIX BOTTLE  
PRESENTATION HINGED CASES  
And No Extra Charge for the Cases!



★★★★★  
FIVE STAR  
OLD LIQUEUR

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.  
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

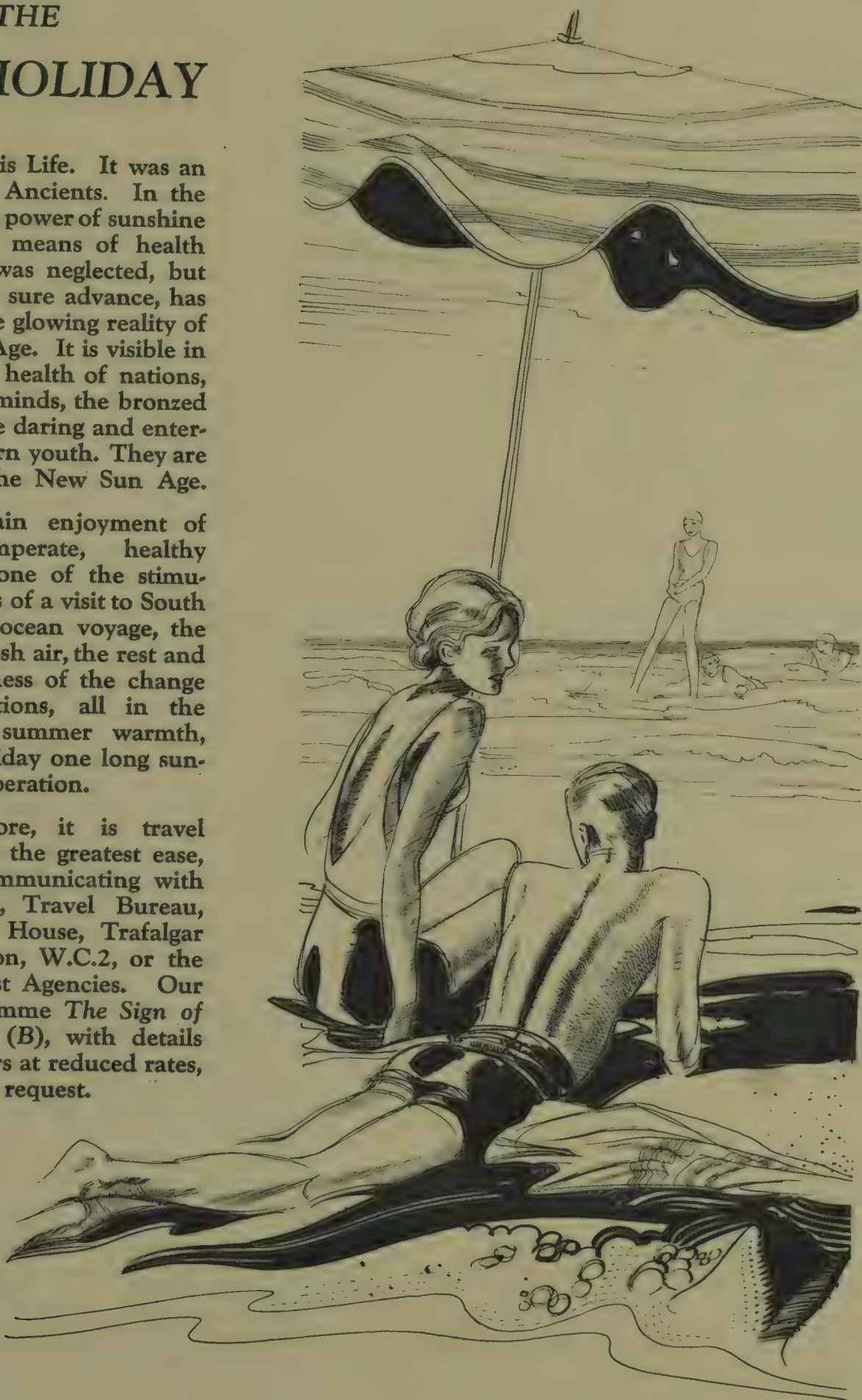


## THE SUN HOLIDAY

The Sun is Life. It was an axiom of the Ancients. In the Dark Ages the power of sunshine as a natural means of health and healing was neglected, but Science, in its sure advance, has led us into the glowing reality of another Sun Age. It is visible in the improved health of nations, in the active minds, the bronzed bodies and the daring and enterprise of modern youth. They are children of the New Sun Age.

The certain enjoyment of sunlight — temperate, healthy sunlight — is one of the stimulating qualities of a visit to South Africa. The ocean voyage, the continuous fresh air, the rest and the completeness of the change — these variations, all in the radiance of summer warmth, make this holiday one long sunbath of recuperation.

Furthermore, it is travel arranged with the greatest ease, simply by communicating with The Director, Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the leading Tourist Agencies. Our special programme *The Sign of the Springbok (B)*, with details of Winter tours at reduced rates, sent gratis on request.







IT is generally considered a reprehensible practice to perform the operation which does duty as title to this article. We are all firmly convinced that a primrose by the river's brim cannot decently be turned into an orchid; that nature is best left alone, or at least but tactfully guided to perform her miracles, and that if you let loose an enthusiastic craftsman upon an already perfect work of art he will only succeed in producing a monster of bad taste. Besides this, the whole tendency of the domestic arts is towards simplicity, a sort of plumber's paradise of gleaming nickel and straight lines, into which our geometricians sometimes riotously introduce a decorative egg or two as a concession to human frailty. It is an admirable fashion, and doubly so because it is spreading down into the thousand-and-one things in common use by millions of people, so that it will soon be possible to buy for sixpence or so a comely bowl or book-end from which the last traces of Victorian fussiness have vanished.

It is possible that the virtues of an uncompromising simplicity will remain with us to the end of time; it is also possible, indeed probable, that fashion will before very long demand a return to



1. THE EPITOME OF THE TASTEFUL ORIGINALITY OF "STYLE LOUIS XV.": A BOWL AND COVER IN CHINESE CELADON, MOUNTED IN CHASED AND GILDED BRONZE.

something a trifle less austere, and will swing gaily back to an orgy of frills and furbelows. Not long ago women were gallantly trying to make themselves look like flat boards: they are now allowed to be feminine; curves are respectable and *fa-lals de rigueur*. If the great dressmakers can break out in this way, there is no reason why potters, silversmiths, cabinet-makers, and artists generally may not suddenly take it into their heads to do likewise; when we shall see, once again, many horrid examples of good things spoilt by over-decoration, and one or two extraordinarily happy and successful attempts in complicated and difficult rhythms, such as the remarkable object of Fig. 1.

This, which came up at a Paris sale last week, is a bowl and cover of Chinese celadon, decorated, in defiance of all our modern prejudices, in chased and gilded bronze. It is, of course, French, and of the reign of Louis XV. We never had a passion for combining porcelain and metal in this country—which is just as well, for we should inevitably have made a sad hash of it—but our neighbours, from the moment the wares of China began to enter the ports of France, were obviously attracted by the lovely green of the celadon pieces as the ideal background for elaborate scrolls, flowers, and foliage in ormolu. It was an age of very great display and extravagance, but also of extraordinary refinement of taste; so much so that one is tempted to suggest that at no other period and among no other people could a lily have been gilded with such triumphant results. The decoration, as in the silver

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ON GILDING THE LILY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

and other objects of the time, is formed by a series of curves whose pattern is continually broken: one handle is unlike the other, and each foot is different. Yet this structure is none the less a coherent whole, well balanced and solid, and it is only after you think quite hard about it that you realise that it obtains its effect of lightness and grace from the apparent incoherence of its decoration.

A far more logical composition—an extremely amusing and frivolous little conceit—turned up in the same sale. To make a clock in the shape of a lyre (as this one is), to give it a hint of a pagoda roof, and then to crown it by a Chinaman seated beneath a parasol, is, of course, highly improper and indefensible by any canon of criticism. The celadon bowl is serious, even austere, by comparison; yet how very neat, how very absurd, how very ingenious, what jolly good fun is this nonsensical Louis XVI. clock! I illustrated a fortnight ago some clock hands by three great English makers; it is worth while noting the extreme delicacy and beauty of the hands of this example by an anonymous Frenchman. Strictly speaking, the hands are the best part of this piece; but purge your mind of solemnity for a moment and you find yourself completely charmed by this sophisticated nursery joke. To be appreciated properly, this clock should be seen in its right surroundings, on a mantelpiece in a marvellous painted and gilt panelled room; peeping out coyly from behind the aspidistra in the front parlour it would merely look odd.

A more serious, though still light-hearted, treatment of a clock is to be seen in Fig. 2—its inspiration is not the China of eighteenth-century romance, but the classics as revealed by the excavations of Pompeii and a thousand reminiscences of the Italian Renaissance. This, like its neighbour, is to be dated about 1775. What happened after the Revolution? The answer, by chance, is supplied by a picture in the same sale by Boilly, that prolific painter of interiors and portraits whose birthplace, La Bassée, will not easily be forgotten by those who have ever looked out across the German lines from Bethune. Boilly spent a year at Arras, where he is said to have painted no less than 300 portraits, thus occupying his time to greater advantage than did many of his admirers a hundred or so years later. I suppose this picture is to be dated c. 1805; the clock on the mantelpiece is constructed in exactly the same

manner as its predecessor of Fig. 2, but the goats are changed into creatures with wide-spread wings, and the whole effect is one of rigid formalism: the easy grace, the pretty gestures, the *insouciance* are gone. Boilly was not a great master, but he was an uncommonly sensitive interpreter of the domestic life of the cultivated middle-class. He has the faults of most of the contemporaries of David, and one or two great virtues, the chief of which is an absence of pomposity which some might,

and have, called provincial, but which is of great charm—and, for all the rigidity of his drawing, he knows very well how to suggest the thoughts of the very young, as witness the little girl in this picture who is looking at the draught-board with such interest.

But at the moment we are concerned not with Boilly the painter, but with the contents of the room he painted. Note, if you please, the coffee urn, as Greek as was possible to the early nineteenth century—as Greek as the ladies' coiffures—and also the work-table on the right with its two lyre-shaped ends—like the lyre-shaped Louis XVI. clock already described, as far as shape is concerned. But indeed, the lyre was a favourite decorative symbol from at least the middle of the eighteenth century. Once a simple, natural form such as this becomes the fashion, there can be no more experiments quite on the lines of Fig. 1; it is an instrument which does

not readily lend itself to strange and complicated tunes. Put Fig. 1 against the other illustrations on this page and you will see that it is not only a different object, but based upon an entirely different theory of art. How difficult it is for man to discipline his mind to either type is to be seen in ten thousand imitations which fail miserably to reproduce the spirit, and but rarely even the craftsmanship, of the originals.



2. A LOUIS XVI. CLOCK THAT ALREADY SHOWS THE INFLUENCE OF THE DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII AND THE RESULTANT VOGUE FOR NEO-CLASSICISM: A PIECE OF THE TYPE "AUX CHÈVRES" IN MARBLE AND ORMOLU.

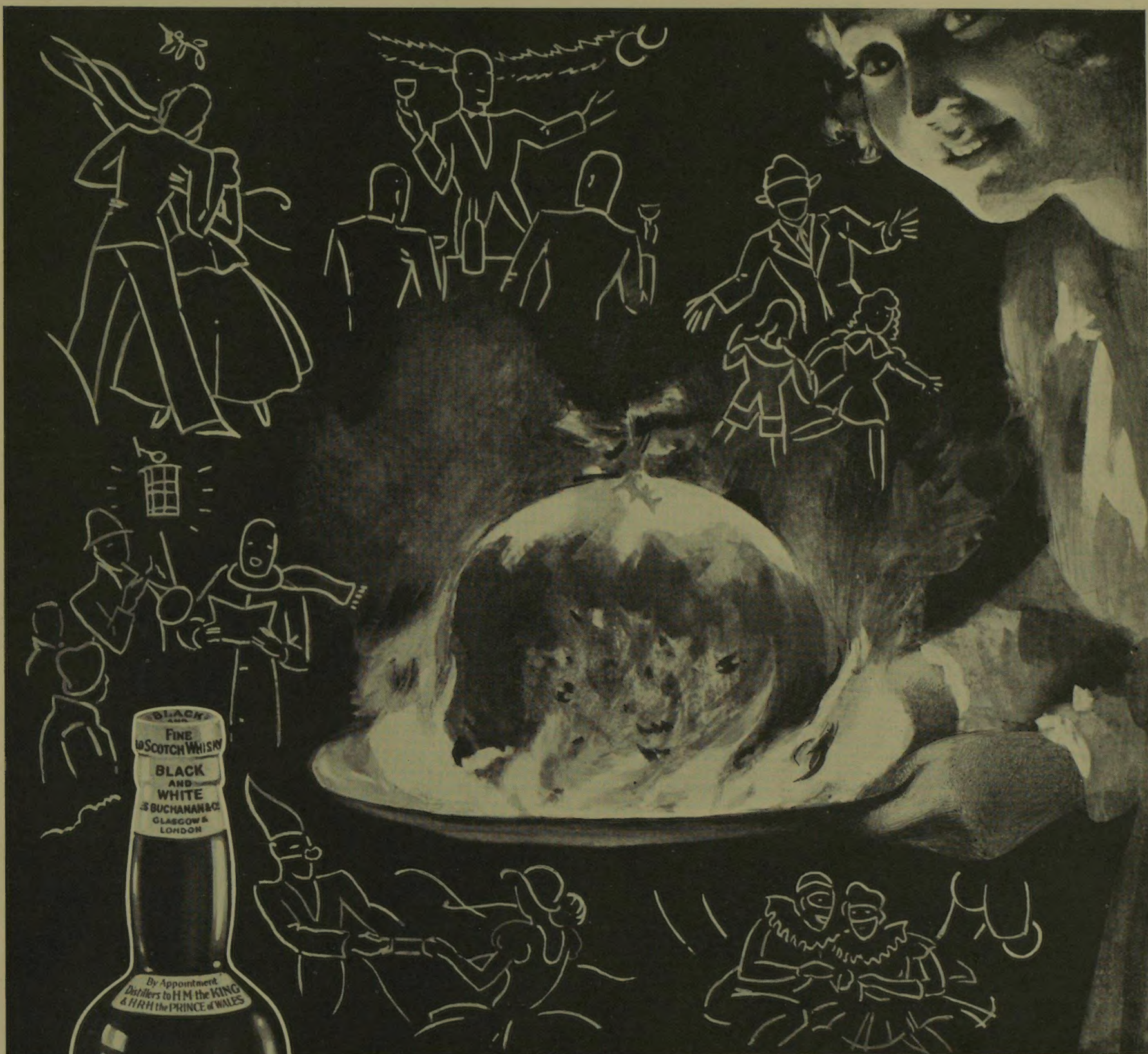


3. A POST-REVOLUTIONARY FRENCH CLOCK IN A PICTURE BY BOILLY, ENTITLED "LA PARTIE DE DAMES," PAINTED ABOUT 1805: A DESIGN THAT HAS MUCH IN COMMON WITH THAT OF FIG. 2, BUT IS ALTOGETHER MORE RIGID AND AUSTERE.

This picture by Boilly (1761-1845) is of great interest as a social document; showing, as it does, the all-pervading neo-classicism typical of the Empire period. This appears in the urn, in the work-table, and in the ladies' coiffures, as well as in the clock on the mantelpiece. Students of the game of draughts may be interested to observe that the men are all placed on white squares, instead of on black, as is usual nowadays. All the reproductions on this page illustrate objects that figured in the sale arranged by M. Etienne Ader to take place in Paris last week.



# FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON



“**BLACK  
&  
WHITE**”  
SCOTCH WHISKY



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR—(Contd. from Page 1042.)

annually by the North-West Motor Club, attracted 25 motor-cycle and 165 car entries. The start was made at 12.1 a.m. from the Bridge House Hotel, Staines, on Saturday morning, Dec. 9, the last car getting away at 2.58 a.m. An average of 24 miles an hour on the main roads was the scheduled speed. Maidens Grove, about an hour from the start, was the first observed hill, and cars had to stop at its foot and not take it on the run. The only check during the night was at Chipping Norton, and that wide High Street gave ample space for parking during the 25 minutes' halt for refills and refreshment.

Shortly after Broadway, the route included a stop and re-start test in the dark on Old Stanway, and then a climb up the hill through a wood. Next came Kineton Hill, with its water-splash and a one-in-five or six gradient. Breakfast, starting at 5 a.m. for the leaders at Cheltenham, was followed by a series of hill climbs, including Mutton Hill, of one-in-four, with a nasty right-hand corner. After a number of tricky hills were climbed, the competitors were left to ascend that straight yet very steep short rise called Nailsworth Ladder before proceeding to the finishing point, the Bear Inn at Rodborough. I call this part of the country "England's little Switzerland," and in the summer time it is delightful as a touring ground, but as a night-time competition route truly difficult. The "golds" were few, I think, for this reason.

London is continually undergoing quiet revolutions—digesting new country, changing old complications for new simplicities—and the 1934 Post Office London Directory (Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, W.C.; cloth, 55s.; leather, 70s.) has suffered an unspectacular, but effective, transformation. There is new country—boroughs like Acton and postal districts like Chiswick—included for the first time; a sort of charter of incorporation in London proper; and then there has been a piece of silent but far-reaching rationalisation. The old division between London and the County Suburbs has gone: there is now one London and one Directory from Acton and Chiswick, at one geographical extreme, to West Ham at the other. In the 1934 Directory streets, traders and private residents right through the vast area of the Administrative County of London are brought under one list. Then there is the new map. Four inches to the mile, it is rather a ground-plan of the Metropolis than a map. It is in a case separate from the Directory, and in itself tells more about London than many a heavy tome. Every street in the Directory has its cross-reference to the map-square. But of course there is much more in this Directory than maps or streets. The whole life of London is delineated here.

"A PRESENT FROM MARGATE,"  
AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

ONE feels that the character of the Duchess of Rye must have been one of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's earliest conceptions. She doesn't sound true to life these days. She was spending the summer in beach-pyjamas at a Bathing Place in France. Austerely, and somewhat eighteen-ninety-ishly, she refused to recognise a decent-hearted, well-lined couple, Mr. and Mrs. Torrent. Duchesses, one feels, jump at the chance these days. But Mr. Ian Hay and Mr. A. E. W. Mason had chosen to put her on such a tall and icy pedestal that she would fall off at the slightest push. She did. Offered "a slap and a tickle" (as one of the characters precisely, if not nicely, puts it), she adventures to Margate with a certain Major. He treats her to winkles at one of those places where "Teas—Dinners—Breakfasts" are advertised. "But why," asks the Duchess innocently, "are there no beds in Margate?" The Major assures her that there are, and, with her consent, shows that there are. And that, alas! was the finish of the Major. This, we felt, was regrettable, for Mr. Eric Maturin plays these rôles so well that, however bad they are, you want more of them. The next act showed us the Duchess being blackmailed by Mrs. Torrent to attend her ball in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Torrent, whose home town is Bradford, has given his wife one year in which to establish herself in the West End . . . "otherwise, back to Bradford, lass." Rather naïve is the author's suggestion that Mrs. Torrent would allow her blackmailing letters to be stolen by the Duchess, on the odd chance that a rope of priceless pearls, which she had secreted in the box in which they were contained, would be returned at the risk of life and limb. These costs of life and limb meant that no fewer than three of the members of the Duchess of Rye's suite had to become cat-burglars. In the last act everybody fell on everybody's neck and cried how brave, how magnanimous, they were. Somewhat out of date this comedy in conception, with little wit in the dialogue to redeem it. Well enough acted, but miscast as far as Miss Joyce Bland was concerned, for her Bright Young Duchess would not have thought a trip to Margate, or even Southend, a terribly depraved affair.

In connection with a photograph published in our issue of Sept. 9, a reader writes to us from New Zealand to point out that the 568-lb. black marlin swordfish shown, which had been caught off Hawaii by a schoolboy, is not of record weight. He adds that deep-sea anglers in New Zealand catch swordfish of the striped marlin species which weigh over 600 lb.; and he sends us a newspaper cutting with a picture of a black marlin swordfish turning the scale at 750 lb.

AN ELIZABETHAN ATLAS OF ENGLAND.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY maps of English and Welsh counties, made by Christopher Saxton, are being issued by the British Museum, in a beautiful series of facsimile reproductions in colour, and the Trustees have decided to reproduce in this form the whole of Saxton's Atlas. So far, eleven sheets have already been published, ranging in date from 1574 to 1577. These maps are of great cartographic importance, and valuable as Elizabethan documents. Particularly attractive in the ornamentation are the heraldic designs, and, in the ocean parts, little pictures of contemporary ships, sea-fights, and marine monsters. The place-names and topography are those that Shakespeare knew. On the origin of the maps, the Museum notes: "About 1568 Thomas Seckford, of Suffolk, one of the Queen's Masters of Requests, undertook to have all the counties of England and Wales surveyed and mapped at his expense. This was probably suggested to him by Lord Treasurer Burghley. For this costly work, more difficult than can well be realised in these days of rapid communications, and good surveying instruments, Seckford employed Christopher Saxton, a surveyor from Yorkshire. Saxton carried out the survey and drew the maps single-handed, as far as we know, travelling about the country for some ten years. In 1579 his atlas was published, at Seckford's expense. It contained a general map and thirty-four maps of the counties of England and Wales, engraved by some of the best copper-engravers then in England.

Waterman's Pen Companion Set is sure of a warm welcome from any and every recipient. We are informed that when the new set was shown to Mr. J. B. Priestley, he at once gave permission for it to be named "The Good Companions" Set, after his famous book; an apt title, as it comprises pen, pencil, and a safety container with a supply of Waterman's ink. Pen and pencil are in exquisite blendings of green and gold, crimson and gold, and the ever-popular jet. The set, with everything to match, is put up in a neat and attractive case for presentation, and costs only 30s. complete. This is just one example from a wide range of Waterman's pens, pencils, and writing sets, which may be seen at stationers' and jewellers' everywhere.

The new "Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes," the sixtieth annual edition (1934) of which has just been published, is so well known as a necessity for many that there is little need to say more than that it is as thorough as ever. The contents include, apart from the facts called for by the title, lists of abbreviations, abbreviations of the names of foreign Orders, and of clubs; forms of epistolary address; and hunting information.

The most beautiful photographic record  
of

GILBERT & SULLIVAN  
OPERAS

is on Sale Now—

Price - ONE SHILLING

All the popular Operas — new pictures in  
photogravure—by post 1/3, from

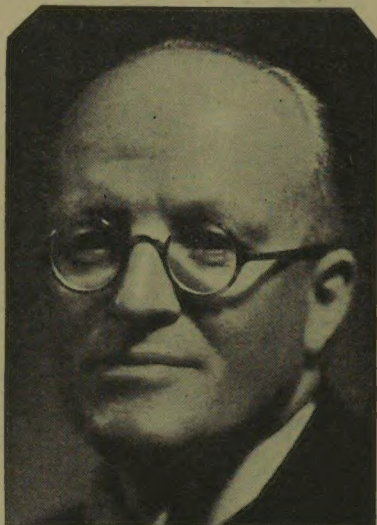
THE SPHERE, 346, Strand, London

HUGH WALPOLE

says:—

Sympathy is not enough; it is your duty and mine to give practical aid . . . The Cancer Hospital is doing work of which the nation should be proud. It is fighting this disease — trying to establish its cause and discover a cure. I ask my readers to send what they can to the Secretary. There must be no faltering now, with success possibly just round the corner. WILL YOU POST YOUR CONTRIBUTION TODAY FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE?

Will you please do your share towards the conquest of Cancer by sending a Special Christmas Gift to the Secretary?



The Cancer Hospital  
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD - LONDON, S.W. 3.

Get

YOUNGER

every day

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S  
Scotch Ale

Brewed in EDINBURGH by WILLIAM YOUNGER & CO., LTD.

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S  
Scotch Ale



# The heart of a child



How responsive it is to kindness! For a comparatively small sum one can give a child a large amount of happiness. At a cost of only 2/- each we are planning to give

## 15,000 slum children

their usual Christmas "Treat"—a long entertainment, a big bag of "Goodies," and toys of their own choosing.

**Will you share in giving happiness? £2 pays for 20 such "Treats."**

Contributions, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged by the Rev. Percy Ineson, Superintendent,

## East End Mission

Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Rd., London, E.1

"AWAITING YOUR REPLY"

## SUBSCRIPTION

### RATES

OF

*The Illustrated London News*

| Published Weekly at 1/- | Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos. | Six months including Double Nos. | Three months 30 extras. |
|-------------------------|--|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| AT HOME ..              | £3 4s. od.                                   | £1 14s. od.                      | 15s. od.                |
| CANADA ..               | £3 1s. 8d.                                   | £1 12s. 6d.                      | 14s. 8d.                |
| ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..     | £3 11s. 4d.                                  | £1 17s. 6d.                      | 17s. od.                |

## ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF

*The Illustrated London News,*

346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me *THE ILLUSTRATED*

*LONDON NEWS* weekly for \_\_\_\_\_

months, commencing with the issue

of \_\_\_\_\_ for which

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ 1933

## CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

### FRANCE.

**Cannes. Hotel des Anglais.** Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

**Cannes.—Hotel Beau Site.**—300 rooms with bath. 6 private tennis courts free. Dancing nightly. Beautiful grounds.

**Cannes (A.M.) Hotel du Parc.**—Finest situation in large park facing sea. Patronised by best British society.

**Cannes (Alp. Mart.).—Hotel Suisse.**—Family Hotel. Comfortable. Garden leading to Croisette. Terms from Frs. 50.

**Hyères.—The Golf Hotel.**—On its famous links (18 holes). Tennis and Croquet. Inclusive rates from Frs. 65. C. Borgo, Manager.

**Nice (Alp. Mart.).—Terminus Hotel.** Facing Station—Full South. Quite up-to-date.

### MENTON.

**Menton (Alp. Mart.).—Winter Palace.** High-class though inexpensive.

### MENTON (Continued)

**Menton.—Orient Hotel.**—A most luxurious hotel at reasonable rates. 200 rooms. 100 baths. Arrangements from Frs. 55. Prop.: L. Brunetti.

**Menton.—Hotel de Venise.** Leading in quality and comfort. Central. Sunny. In own park. From Frs. 50.

**Menton (A.M.).—Royal & Westminster Hotel.** On sea front. Full South. 100 yards from new Casino. Terms from 5 guineas weekly.

### MONTE CARLO

**Cap d'Ail (nr. Monte Carlo).—Eden Hotel.**—200 rooms. On sea. 15 acres park. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to Monte Carlo. Pens. 65 Frs. No taxes.

**Royal Hotel.**—All comforts. Full South; garden overlooking sea. Renowned cuisine. Pension from Frs. 60. A. Crettaz, Man. Prop.

**Hotel Terminus Palace.** Opp. Casino Gardens. Beach. First-class Pension from Frs. 50. With Bath, Frs. 60. Suite, Frs. 75.

**C. BRANDAUER & CO'S, LTD**

**GLENGARRY PEN.**



**C THE POINT THAT PLEASES EVERYONE.**

SAMPLE BOXES, 9d., AT ALL STATIONERS, OR THE WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

OR LONDON WAREHOUSE : 124 NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

## BAILEY'S TURNSTILES



Supplied to Greyhound Tracks, Racecourses, Cricket and Football Clubs, Zoological Gardens, Piers, Baths, Etc., all over the world. "Coin-in-Slot" Turnstiles. Sir W. H. BAILEY & Co. Ltd. SALFORD 5.



321

**NICE ATLANTIC HOTEL**

Newest First-class Hotel  
BD. VICTOR-HUGO.  
Central Situation.  
Close to Sea and Casinos.  
200 ROOMS.  
OWN GARAGE. MODERATE TERMS  
Annex: HOTEL DU RHIN.  
Rooms without meals.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's Plate Powder**

Sold everywhere 6! 1/- 2/- & 4/-

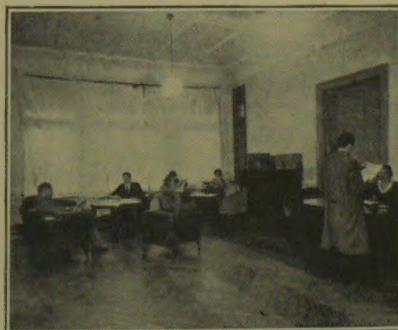
J. Goddard & Sons, Nelson Street, Leicester

## LET ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS HELP YOU When You Go to Paris and Berlin

✦ ✦ ✦

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French, Belgian, Swiss and Italian business) at 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.



The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Berlin.



**THE STANDARD PEERAGE for 1934**  
A BOOK OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST

Includes latest corrections and New Honours conferred. Essential to everyone for accurate reference.

## DEBRET'S

**PEERAGE** (with Index to Courtesy Titles),  
**BARONETAGE** (with Index),  
**KNIGHTAGE** (with Issue), and  
**COMPANIONAGE** (Biographical)  
**COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME (2,850 pp.).**

*A Veritable Dictionary giving Millions of Facts and Dates.*

Edited by ARTHUR G. M. HESILRIGE.

Clear, Accurate, and Easy of Reference.  
All Alphabetically arranged.

Illustrated with Armorial Bearings.

Cloth gilt (Complete Edition), Royal 8vo, 75/- net; or in Two Vols., Peerage and Titles of Courtesy, 35/- net, and Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage, 45/- net. Special Thin Paper Edition (complete work bound in Limp Morocco), 120/- net.

**DEAN & SON, Ltd.,**

6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.4.



“Why does the  
COLD MAN SHIVER?”



Because he let his  
Mississippi  
BOVRIL”